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Yours, in joy & sorrow,
Mary E. Lee

THE
POETICAL REMAINS

OF THE LATE

MARY ELIZABETH LEE.

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

BY S. ^{amuel}GILMAN, D. D.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

THE author of the poems in this volume is her own best biographer. In these she has transcribed and presented to the world her thoughts, feelings, and experiences, as they arose. She is thus, in a good degree, the historian of her own mind,—while the professed writer of her life can do little more than supply names, dates, and barren facts, to serve as a frame for the speaking picture. No extraordinary or outstanding incidents marked her career. She sought, with a passionate eagerness, the shades of retirement. She shrank, almost morbidly, from personal distinction and notoriety, even while seeming to affect them by the willing publication of her compositions. She was long disabled by disease from mingling in the usual transactions and enjoyments of life. Thus, no eventful story can be told of her ; she was the leader of no social circle ; she undertook no project of reform ; she started on no pilgrimages ; nor did outward romance or glare of any kind attend her quiet path. Her existence was, indeed, in some respects, a busy and heroic one ; she achieved great tasks ; she fought mighty battles ; she endured and welcomed dreadful sufferings ; yet these conflicts passed within ; the scene of their commotions was the depth of her own spirit, and it scarcely transmitted a ripple to the surface of the world's affairs.

Notwithstanding, however, this obscure and most unpretending lot, it is certain that she made on a large number of her contemporaries a vivid and profound impression. She commenced writing about the time when the Southern literature of our country was awaking to the assertion of an independent existence, and the decided attention and success which waited on her efforts, encouraged and stimulated other minds to share in the auspicious movement. The very few persons who enjoyed her intimate acquaintance—the very rare occasions on which she ap-

peared in society—were yet sufficiently numerous to extend the persuasion that she was indeed a superior and interesting woman, of exalted virtue, of commanding talents, of lovely person,* and of refined and attractive manners. The lyrical excellence of many of her compositions, as they successively came before the public, had united with her secluded life, in throwing a sort of mystery around her name, and just enough was altogether known of her to excite and attract the homage of an admiring imagination.

When her premature, but long threatened and expected decease, had at last startled the wide circle of her admirers, and plunged into no common sadness her immediate friends, the wish was soon expressed, that a collection of her poems should be published, accompanied by some memorials of her life and character. The present writer, who had sustained towards her, from her earliest childhood, a relation inspiring nearly as much of parental as of pastoral attachment, was easily prevailed upon to undertake the task. He felt a strong confidence that the general excellence of her poems abundantly justified their republication, although he well foresaw the difficulties of the biographical part of the project, arising from the scantiness of interesting materials. But, conscious that he could not thus erect an imposing monument to her name, he was at least glad of the opportunity to throw a loving flower into her grave.

Mary Elizabeth Lee was born on the 23d of March, 1813, at Charleston, which her own writings have contributed something to render classic ground. Her parents were William and Elizabeth Lee. Her father practised the profession of the law in early life, and sat for a period as member of the State Legislature. Her uncle, Judge Thomas Lee, was, for many years and in several respects, one of the most distinguished citizens of South-Carolina. Several others of her connexions were ardently devoted to intellectual cultivation, and thus Mary's lot fell in a family where every literary tendency was sure to be kindly encouraged and happily developed.

Scarcely emerging from infancy, she was impelled by some congenial instinct to find her chief employment and delight in reading. She would quit every amusement designed to engage her attention, and would bring her book, uncalled, as soon as she saw her mother com-

*The engraved portrait, prefixed to this volume, is from a daguerreotype taken towards the close of her life, and under some disadvantages. It preserves, however, something of her expression.

mence her needle-work, and placing herself at her feet, would long continue to read aloud, frequently looking up to judge by her countenance if she felt interested in what gave pleasure or pain to herself. What kindlings of literary taste and sympathy were here!

As an instance of the remarkable retentiveness of her memory, a quality so often the accompaniment of superior minds, after she had perused the same book two or three times, she would repeat aloud page after page, amounting perhaps to twenty, entering with as much interest into all the variations of tone and emphasis, as if she were attracted by it for the first time. On these occasions, she exhibited a curious mental peculiarity, somewhat indicative of her habits of extreme literary accuracy at later periods in life, as well as showing the tenacious grasp of her juvenile memory. While thus repeating the pages she had read, on coming, memoriter, to a word which had before cost her some trouble to spell, she would invariably stop to spell it over again, as if the book were actually before her, and then proceed to the end of her recitation. This looks as if she had in a manner unconsciously determined, even at that early day, to be thoroughly faithful to her own powers, and well did she retain and develope this germ of self-fidelity as long as she continued to breathe.

When about five years of age, in order to vary her employments and divert her mind from a too exclusive attention to books, a complete little establishment for a doll was furnished, for her use, with every article that could attract her fancy. But she soon tired of companionship with such inanimate objects, and although proud and anxious to be employed above her ability in work about the family, she could be inspired with no sort of interest in manufacturing finery for a baby-house.

The extreme susceptibility of her feelings prevented her parents from placing her at school until after her tenth year. She was then consigned to the tuition of A. Bolles, Esq., the most distinguished male teacher of young ladies in Charleston. Here she availed herself with much diligence of her advantages, and laid the foundation of a solid and accurate education. But the competitions of a school, and the necessarily rigid exactions of its discipline, brought to a temperament like hers more painful experiences than either pleasures or advantages. She took her fair stand in a class that had long been initiated in a wide range of studies, preparing her lessons with anxious assiduity. But exercises and struggles like these were not the sphere for her timid, sensitive nature. They were found to prey upon her health and to depress her

spirits. After remaining about two years at school, she was taken home, where she voluntarily attended to all her lessons with the most scrupulous exactness, and the family were comforted by seeing her countenance again beam with happiness.

Here, then, she began the system of EDUCATING HERSELF—a system which every strong mind more or less pursues, and which she exclusively prosecuted for several years with uncommon energy and success. Before completing the usual elementary studies, she found herself actuated by an inextinguishable thirst for a far higher character of reading than is generally fancied by young ladies of her age. Her power of application was intense, and soon grew into systematic habit. These passions and tastes increased by continual exercise, and never forsook her until they were driven out by the superior energy of disease and approaching death.

She exhibited early a love for the acquisition of foreign languages. A decisive instance at once of her taste and talent consists in the fact, that when only about sixteen years of age, she had, with very slight assistance from either friend or teacher, perused in the original, and appreciated with keen satisfaction, the whole four volumes of Sismondi's *De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*. These studies naturally opened the way for others of kindred elevation. She determined on mastering the Italian and the German. While still in appearance but the mere unformed school-girl, she took her long semi-weekly walks to the house of her pastor, who communicated to her the little in those two languages that he possessed. She required no regular tasks or lessons, but grasped at rules and idioms and constructions with her own self-imposing freedom, seeking aid only in occasional niceties and difficulties.

Thus passed away the early periods of her sedate and studious youth. supremely happy in the retreats of her home, where domestic duties engaged her willing hands, and where her interest was constantly gratified by the intellectual conversation of friends and visitors, she never manifested a desire for gay society, though it would gladly have welcomed her accession to its fluttering mazes.

Among the books she had read, was the Memoir of the celebrated Elizabeth Smith. She devoured it with great delight, and surrendered her imagination and feelings to an example in her own sex so eminently captivating. I am informed by her surviving parent, that Mary once unfolded to her the resolve to take Elizabeth Smith as her pattern in

life, so far as her circumstances and ability would permit. The knowledge of such a resolution gives us, in fact, a key to the peculiarities of her character and the history of her life. It was no mere fit of girlish emulation, but a sympathetic and well-founded consciousness of kindred qualities, that prompted her to adopt so exalted a model. Her aspirations were followed up by a steady and persevering course of corresponding action. She made the literature of the world in large measure tributary to the purposes of her holy ambition, and while furnishing herself with a splendid wealth of accomplishments, she sought to shed forth on other minds the light which she had borrowed, assimilated, or kindled in her own.

Genius is seldom destitute of some channel through which to communicate its inspirations to the world. It so happened, that when about twenty years had matured the mind of Mary Lee, and had stored it with a wide range of suggestive acquisitions, a little periodical for youth, edited by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, had been recently started in Charleston, under the title of *The Rose Bud*, which soon after changed its name to *The Southern Rose*, and aspired to some rank of literary pretension. To the pages of this publication Miss Lee contributed her earliest productions, prompted alike by the dictates of generous friendship and of tremulous ambition. Her communications to the *Rose Bud* for some time attracted no special attention, although they certainly shed here and there unquestionable gleams of high poetical merit. They are inserted in the following collection for the most part in the order in which they were originally written and published. The series as it stands has been adopted rather for the sake of indicating the progress of the writer's mind, than of challenging in behalf of them all a uniform degree of admiration. Miss Lee, at all events, escaped the dangers and trials attending a precocious exhibition of talents, and felt her way slowly and securely to that point of progress which she at length happily attained.

For a considerable time, the signature attached to her pieces was the modest and general one, "A Friend." As they increased in merit, inquiries as to the authorship began to be multiplied, and at last her personal relationship to them became so well and favorably known, that she discarded the timid disguise, and adopted ever after as a signature in the *Rose*, the initials "M. E. L." In all other publications, I believe, it was expanded into her full name.

Several brilliant and beautiful effusions now continued to increase her

reputation. Among others, "The Lone Star" was admired by every one, so that for a long time the authoress herself, when she was mentioned in her native city, received generally the name of "The Lone Star." "The Blind Negro Communicant" gave her something of a national fame, and was copied into religious and other newspapers in every part of the country. A little note on business, now lying before me, addressed by her to Miss Leslie of Philadelphia, furnishes quite an undesigned evidence of the notice, which was then singling her out from the ordinary mass of contributors to periodicals. She writes—

"MY DEAR MISS LESLIE:

As you gave place to two rather lengthened poems of mine, in your beautiful "Gift" for 1842, and as the same have received frequent and very flattering mention from several public and many private sources, (among others, I received a letter of commendation from an entire stranger in the Far West,) which I refer to, not in egotism, but because I think you will be glad to feel somewhat warranted for your ready admission of my former attempts, I now enclose a poem for your next year's Gift," &c.

The lines, "To My Father," possess no peculiar brilliancy or condensation, and are only remarkable for a sweet and smooth flow of thought, feeling, and versification, inspired by the depth of a most confiding affection. But they are mentioned here, for the sake of introducing the following extract from a billet, written by Miss Lee a few years after their publication, and just subsequently to her father's death. It presents so beautiful and unique a picture of paternal fondness, well reciprocated, and is so closely connected with the writings compiled in the present volume, as fairly to deserve a place in this Memoir. Both of the parties concerned being now deceased, there can be no indelicacy in publishing it. Wishing to pay some public tribute, from his own pulpit, to the memory of Mr. Lee, who had long been a devoted member and officer of his church, the writer requested the family, in one of his visits at the time, to furnish him with any facts, incidents or impressions, that might give him a more exact insight into the character of the deceased. Soon after, Mary wrote to him as follows:

"Saturday Evening.

I felt as if I could not speak freely, this afternoon, of the one subject that engrosses all my sleeping as well as waking moments, but my dear father's spirit seems so very near me, that I feel as if I did wrong to tell as yet many little incidents, which are continually rising in the light of memory, and which might help to elucidate his character. * * * * and I were conversing this morning on one characteristic which was

strikingly evolved in him, his extreme modesty and utter distrust of his own goodness ; and we both dwelt, with mournful pleasure, on one little fact which never struck me so strongly as since his loss. You may perhaps remember some lines entitled ‘ To My Father,’ in the *Rose* a few years back. When they were published, I myself shruok from having ventured so far as to make him so public, and with deep anxiety waited the issue. Father read the piece when only mother was present, and *she* told me that he shed many tears over it, remarking that I was too kind, that I estimated him too highly ; but such was his shrinking nature, that he never mentioned it to me, though I saw his emotion in the softened and quivering tones with which he accosted me when we met in the evening circle. Since then, I am led to believe that that piece was secretly very precious to him, for only a few months ago I found it in one of his private drawers, put away no doubt by himself. Oh ! Mr. G., these little memories are nothing to tell of, but very, very precious to *me* now ; in truth I do not think that I shall ever enjoy writing as I *have* done ; since father was always the first to praise, and to discover beauties where perhaps there were none ; and constantly, on the publication of any of my pieces, poetry particularly, he would take the first glance at the article before any of us ; then, when all had read it, would take it to his chamber, and then read it over in different modulations of voice, as if to know how best it sounded. Ah ! how often has my heart swelled with delight, when I saw how much my humble efforts pleased him ; and I feel that your kind, true heart sympathises with me, when I thus refer to these domestic scenes ; which are gone never to be again enjoyed save in the blessed privilege of memory. Who would drink, if they could, of the waters of Lethe ?

* * * * *

Yours, in joy and sorrow,

MARY E. LEE.”

One disparaging criticism that has been passed upon her poetry, has charged it with too closely resembling that of Mrs. Hemans. A few of her pieces may give some plausibility to the suggestion, but a discerning examination of all her writings will detect, generally, no closer resemblance to those of Mrs. Hemans, than would be merely sufficient to rank her in the same poetical school. The truth is, when Miss Lee commenced writing, Mrs. Hemans was at the height of her resplendent fame. Her productions were welcomed and admired by every household in this country. It would, therefore, be strange if a youthful beginner in the same art, of a highly susceptible temperament, should not have caught something of the tone, and even some of the expressions, of so popular and captivating a model. Johnson and Goldsmith themselves were in a certain degree the imitators of Pope. But each of them possessed, in addition, an individual style of his own. I should say, that

the writers who seemed to exert the greatest influence in moulding the mind and forming the style of Miss Lee, were Wordsworth, Mrs. Hemans, and Mrs. Sigourney. Traces of their manner and spirit are to be found throughout her compositions; but there is, besides, a certain melancholy and impassioned strain, breathing forth from the unmingled depths of her heart, which is quite enough her own to separate her from the ordinary herd of imitators. Her cultivation was too wide, her reading too multilarious and fervent, to admit of her adopting any exclusive model. After rising from a perusal of her volume, no discriminating reader can imagine that he has been breathing the atmosphere of Wordsworth, or Mrs. Hemans, or any writer but Mary Lee herself—the accomplished, the elegant, the tender, the lofty aimed, the poetical, the successful votary of English undefiled. On several of her pieces, even among the earliest, there is as pure a stamp of creative originality as is to be found in the effusions of writers of much higher fame. Surely no borrowed tone signalizes that delineation from the 13th chapter of Matthew, and beginning with the line—

“Was it on that sacred height?”*

nor from that exquisite gem of poetry, “Corregio’s Holy Family,” bursting forth with

“Picture, why is it that I love thee so?”†

nor from the address “To my Mother,”‡ which strikes me as more original, simple, and touching than the lines “To my Father” before alluded to. A certain lyrical roundness and completeness belonged to the poetical side of her mind, which is plainly evinced in “The Hour of Death,”** the first of her published, and as the family believe, the first of her written pieces, although singularly superior to several that followed. In this she illustrates her subject, to which she clings as fire to the wood, by three happily chosen instances—the powerful monarch, the aged miser, and the innocent young maiden; and she concludes by compactly summing up the impressions derived from the several scenes described, and enforcing an appropriate and wholesome reflection. Who can read “The Babe’s First Laugh,”†† and be reminded by it of any author or of any school? “Why do we fear to die?”‡‡ is also conceived in a peculiarly bold, lyrical, and original vein. The plastic genius of the writer is further evinced in the wide variety of her metres, and the happy adaptation of each to the subject in hand. See, for instance,

*Page 16. †P. 47. ‡P. 62. **P. 1. ††P. 52. ‡‡P. 68.

"Sabbath Bells," "Summer Clouds," "Light," "They led me on," The Sketch from Matthew XIII., all the Blank Verse Sketches, "The Burial of Dade and his Companions," &c., &c. The very breaks and blanks which occasionally occur, are graceful and expressive. They imply that the writer has given herself up to a train of silent thought, with which we sympathise until she resumes her communications.

To quit the topic of mere general form and mould, it may be further asserted, that many a sparkling gem of thought and poetry will well repay a candid perusal of these writings. Several expressions might bear to be minted for common quotation. How speaking is the phrase, "grief's first, endless day," as uttered by a young person called for the first time to mourn! How strong the image describing the dying exercises of Prince Henry—

"And memories, intensely clear, advanced in phantom train."

How affecting but delicate is the Prince's rebuke of his absent mother—

"My mother, THOUGH THOU HAST MISLEN, I would that I could lie
Upon thy breast, and hear thee breathe one prayer before I die."

Every person must feel the force of the epigrammatic expression in the same poem—

"Alas! e'en sadder than to part, to be forgot by all."

In fact, the whole of "The Deathbed of Prince Henry" is felicitously executed, and treats a well-selected subject with no small dramatic ability. Only a poetic vision, again, could have conceived the distinct shadowings of reflection, united with a remarkably true description, in these four lines from "Thoughts during the conflagration of St. Philip's Church"—

"Memorial of my country! sainted pile!
That rearest thy golden summit to the day,
And wor'st on thy pure brow time's mellow smile,
With scarce enough to tell of sad decay."

There is a solemn philosophy in the following, from "Stanzas" addressed to a departed friend :—

"Grief hath no record, but its course is told
By one unceasing gush of silent wo;
And though perchance it yields to time's strong hold,
Yet in the soul's deep cell 'twill ever flow,
With murmurs low."

Here is an image from the same, which, if not altogether new, cannot be charged with imitation or triteness.

"As some mighty swell
Doth part two vessels to one haven bound,
So death has come between us."—

The two subjoined lines from the "Family Parting," touch the feelings, like a sudden spring, with pensive surprise :

"The warning clock struck nine, the dreaded hour,
That told that all was ready—SAVE THEIR HEARTS."

I remember few invocations to the Deity more sublime than the following, addressed to Him at Midnight on the last day of the year :

"Thou! that dost sit,
Wrapt in thy floating garments of dense cloud
And solemn grandeur, on the boundless height
Of heaven's majestic summit, at whose base
Rolls ever onward, with unceasing force,
Eternity's strong current : Thou! whose name
Is Love, who dwells't in Love!"

In a pictured group of two youthful brothers, there is a very fine discrimination of character, and of the respective feelings with which the author regarded them both. For the one, she experienced a trembling anxiety, but in the future course and well-being of the other she had instinctively a sure and pleasing confidence. How often have such contrasted feelings mingled, unexpressed, within all our hearts! This is the passage—and observe, in the image at its close, the transmuting power of true poetry to dignify the most trivial and familiar topic :

"Noble boy!
I never look upon the joyousness
That wraps thee, like a sunbeam, but there spring
Amid bright fancy's flowers, some thorns of care,
Some restless and disturbing consciousness,
Of what may yet befall thee —But for HIM,
The fawnlike child, that kneels with clustering hair,
Of silken texture, parted on his brow,
Low at his mother's knee, all must be well!
Over the perfect lustre of his soul,
Each stain of earth shall pass, as a soft breath
Wiped from the crystal pane, making it seem
Yet clearer than before."

These criticisms are confined to the author's earlier efforts, and are intended to justify what might seem rather an indiscriminate compilation here of her remains. As she advanced in the practice of her favorite art, it will be found that her effusions less needed vindication, and they shall be left to speak for themselves. Not that the compiler is so far blinded by his partiality, as to claim for Miss Lee a rank in the highest order of genius, or that he is insensible to several instances of vagueness and feebleness which might be charged upon her writings. She herself was more conscious of their defects than any one else, and she labored, with the enthusiasm of a true artist, to approach that ideal standard of excellence which shone on her vision from afar. She seems to have

made a conscientious study of her powers, and was anxious to explore those literary veins for which she was best adapted, and to listen to suggestions from every quarter likely to furnish her with profitable advice. The following extract from one of her letters to a female friend, will explain her feelings on this point, besides demonstrating that she, at least, had formed no overweening estimate of her own productions, but rather, that she placed her estimate too low.

“Thanks for some long retained volumes. If you have any new work, large or small, do lend it to me, for I have read nothing for several weeks, being constantly occupied in assisting some needy friends, and just now even a folio would not alarm me. Mr. * * * * * sent me a message, advising me to write no more on *scripture-texts*, as I had too long been doing, but pointed out the simple ballad style as being very superiour. Now I have tried *one* at his suggestion, and want you to say whether I ought ever to try another. It seems to me that my poetry, having few *new ideas*, depends too much on the tinsel of *words* to risk the unadorned but most expressive ballad. How I dislike to have anybody advise me against my own favorite tastes, and I do like writing from those texts.”

The predominance of serious and melancholy subjects among the author's themes, may be dismissed with a single remark. No writer throws around such subjects the light of a more cheerful hope, or more habitually reveals the lustre of their brighter sides.

In making the selections for the present volume, the compiler has been in a good degree governed by several lists of her poems, which the authoress herself drew up at different times with an ultimate view to publication. He has omitted a number of fragments and off-hand effusions, which, if they could have been completed by her own polishing hand, would have added much to her poetical reputation. There is reason, also, to lament that some of the best, because the latest, of her productions, will have escaped compilation, in consequence of the difficulty of recovering them from the numerous periodicals and depositories where they are buried. They may yet appear in a small volume.

Miss Lee's incessant aspirations after perfection in every accomplishment, were in nothing more signal than in her studied efforts to acquire a correct style of writing. For many years she published no poem before exhibiting it to the literary friend of her early youth. His criticisms were always unsparing; each questionable phrase, or halting line, or ambiguous rhyme, was faithfully pointed out, and surprising often were the patience, talent, and ingenuity, with which, in availing herself

of his suggestions, she surmounted every difficulty and remedied every defect.

To prose composition she devoted as much attention as to poetical. Many prefer her writings in the former department, and an edition of them would no doubt prove alike acceptable to the public and honorable to her name. Her style is characterised by graceful ease and well chosen expressions. Almost as soon as her first lines had been published in the *Rose Bud*, she communicated to that paper the following short essay, which is inserted here as a part of the history of her mind, and to show the practical benevolence and instructiveness of her aims.

“ A PLAN FOR READING THE SCRIPTURES.

I would ask permission through the medium of your interesting paper, to call the attention of its youthful readers to a careful perusal of the Scriptures; not as they have been accustomed to read them, (for I trust there are few who allow a single day to pass, without adding one fresh leaf to the plant of piety, whose genial soil is the youthful heart,) but to do so, searching at the same time on their atlases for every place which may be mentioned. In following this plan, they cannot imagine how strongly facts would be impressed on their memories, and how entirely it would remove from the Scriptures all appearance of fiction. I would mention an instance in an intelligent child, who perused with a cheek bathed with tears, the simple yet deeply affecting story of Lazarus; but whose eye glistened with delight on being shown the very spot where Jesus stood and cried, “Lazarus, come forth.”—And such would be the emotions of every child. As they travelled with the youthful Jesus, from Nazareth to Jerusalem; or stood by the Sea of Galilee and watched the poor fishermen, in that conflict, in which they resolved to leave all, and follow him; or entered into Jerusalem, and exclaimed with the multitudes, ‘Hosannah in the highest;’ as they ascended the Mount of Olives, and heard his meek prayer, ‘Father, forgive them;’ or stood in the gloom and silence of Calvary, and witnessed that most sublime instance of filial affection, exhibited for their feeble imitation, in those touching words, ‘Woman, behold thy Son;’ or in every other spot, connected with events the most affecting and astonishing, their hearts would be doubly impressed with the truths and realities of the Gospel, and in a short time they would be able to trace the exact route of the Saviour’s journeyings. Let them be persuaded, then, to attempt the plan proposed, assured that it has proved highly advantageous to one, who can cordially subscribe herself *in at least one instance* A FRIEND.”

This was followed by several other essays in the same periodical, among which were a few original tales and well executed translations.

About this time, the Board of Education for the enlightened State of Massachusetts, were desirous of introducing into the school-libraries of that commonwealth a series of original works on various subjects of

science, literature, and art. They tendered, either in their own name, or in that of their agents, considerable compensations for the best written books adapted to the end in view. Miss Lee's attention was no sooner drawn to this proposal, than she resolved to become a candidate for one of the offered prizes. The idea was particularly attractive to her, as it involved her possible usefulness to others, and might connect her with the cause of improvement in education. She chose for the form of her lucubrations a series of narrative sketches from history, and she had the happiness of finding her effort crowned with success. Her book, which was entitled "Social Evenings, or Historical Tales for Youth," was received and placed upon the Catalogue of the Massachusetts School Library, and I have been informed by the publishers that it is one of the most popular and useful on their list. Thousands of juvenile readers, in Massachusetts and elsewhere, who probably never heard of Miss Lee as a poetess, have derived gratification and amusement from this meritorious little production bearing her name. The style is at once chaste and vivacious, the topics are selected from a wide range of national histories, indicating a great amount of reading, the poetical illustrations, chiefly by the writer herself, are numerous and beautiful, the pathos is genuine, the characters are marked, and the whole structure of the work exhibits talents of a high order. Eight evenings are supposed to be occupied by a little youthful circle in listening to an experienced friend, who reads to them the successive tales. Each "Evening" is preceded by some animated, descriptive scene, involving throughout the book a separate narrative thread of affecting interest, thus serving to vary the attention, to make the necessary transitions from subject to subject, and to combine the different parts into one harmonious whole. I know no book of the class, more likely to maintain a lasting reputation, or better adapted to convey a mingled entertainment and instruction to the youthful mind. These are the titles of the different evenings:—

FIRST EVENING,—The Good Protestants—an English Tale.

SECOND EVENING,—The Young Botanist—a Swedish Tale.

THIRD EVENING,—The Little Greeks—a Turkish Tale.

FOURTH EVENING,—The Patriot's Trial—a Swiss Tale.

FIFTH EVENING,—The Stolen Boy—an Austrian Tale.

SIXTH EVENING,—The Captive Pair—a Spanish Tale.

SEVENTH EVENING,—The Golden Arrow—a Russian Tale.

EIGHTH EVENING,—The Unfortunate Prince—a French Tale.

These are preceded by "The Vacation," and terminated by "The

Conclusion." The following extract from near the beginning, will give an idea of the book, and justify, it is believed, the foregoing favorable criticisms.

2d Family

"God meant that each family on earth should be a small plane system in itself. The parents may be compared to the blessed, giving sun, diffusing animation throughout; the elder children, to primary planets, which move so lovingly around that sun; and younger, those troublesome but precious playthings, what should I be, but the little asteroids, travelling in eccentric orbits, and ha counted at all, but which really drink in as much life and light as of the superior planets? Such a family was Mr. Seymour's. 'The parents were never so happy as when they were imparting pleasure to their children; and the children, on their part, though often giddy and careless, were so affectionate, loving, and united; so cheerful and of intelligence, that Mrs. Seymour, when once asked by a visiter whether she cultivated choice flowers, pointed to the merry group, who stood in the garden, and, with a moistened glance, replied, 'Yonder are the most precious flowers; they form a bouquet that will never fade.' Truly she had a treasure in her young Julia. She was not beautiful indeed, a passing stranger would have called her homely: but no one could look on her rounded, rosy face; her loving, laughing eyes; her good-natured smile that continually nestled in a dimple on either cheek like a dew-drop in a rose's cup; and, more than all, the ever-ready hands, that seemed eager to lend aid to any body that needed, and I need not say, 'She is lovely.'

Yes! young readers, although my heroine's eyes were gray, and her complexion rather dark, and her mouth rather large, yet I assure you, once heard a gentleman, and a good judge of beauty too, exclaim when he watched my sweet friend, busily engaged in dressing the little Fanny with her name-sakes, roses, 'What a beautiful countenance Julia has! And often, now, when she visits me, I find something,

"In her clear and ready smile,
Unshadowed by a thought of guile,
And unexpressed by sadness,—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness."

And at such times I cannot help owning that there is a loveliness, however far than that of form or feature, the charm produced by a good spirit and kindly feelings."

In the mean time, her literary labors and successes were advancing in every direction. As she was desirous of maintaining for herself honorable independence, she supplied continual contributions to several widely circulated magazines. This may to some appear, at first sight

no very signal mark of literary merit. But when we recollect that most of these magazines have generally on hand a full year's supply of accepted matter, and that they have favorite writers who are always ready to labor for the forthcoming reward, it surely implies considerable ability in an unknown young lady, from a remote part of the country, to have become in a short time a successful competitor against such heavy odds, and to have found herself received and recorded as a regular contributor among the most popular essayists of the time.

From an account kept in 1845, it appears that the sum received by her in that year from the editors of different journals, represented an hundred large pages of prose and poetry, at a time, too, when constant and intense pain prevented the free use of her hands. In some preceding years, when her health was less impaired, and her industry less interrupted, her receipts must have swollen to considerably more than that amount. The journals and annuals for which she wrote in 1845, were, Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, New-Orleans Miscellany, Philadelphia Courier, Token, Gem, Gift, Mr. Whitaker's Journal, Southern Literary Messenger, and Orion Magazine. She wrote much for which she never received any compensation, having her full and strange share of that experience, which discovers a wide chasm between promise and performance.

Her favorite field of toil in the direction just indicated, was that of translation. In this she brought to available use her original propensity for the study of foreign languages, which had so early engaged her mental activity. She ransacked the stores of modern French, Italian, and German literature, to furnish fitting material for her industrious pen. With her usual conscientious disdain of being superficial, she engaged a teacher in the German language, although her knowledge of it was already sufficient for the purpose of translating popular tales, which not one reader in a thousand would ever think of comparing with the originals. Under the direction of this teacher, she labored assiduously for one or two years, not satisfied with reading German into English, but critically studying the grammar of the language, learning to speak it with some fluency, and even going so far as to practise the peculiar German chirography. One of her notes written at this period concludes thus:—"Won't you excuse this badly written note, when I tell you that I have been plunged, since five this morning, deep in the intricacies of German syntax and German current-hand?"

I am coming on so delightfully, that I want to read for *you*, as my *teacher*, some of these days, one of Uhland's beautiful ballads."*

These incessant, but practical strivings after an ideal, minute perfection so essentially formed the individuality of Miss Lee's character, that I cannot forbear recording here a few other instances of the same traits unconnected with literature, not doubting that they will meet the generous sympathy of the reader, and awaken similar elevated breathing in many a kindred bosom. While to all appearance entirely absorbed in literary pursuits, she devoted much of her attention to painting, and became no slight proficient in that engaging art. Despite the usual prejudice regarding literary ladies, she was a thorough adept in the mysteries of housekeeping, and no professed *artiste* ever prepared more exquisite preserves than those which proceeded from her skilful hands. Even as to the article of dress the same tendency in her was observable for without indulging in gaudiness or extravagance, she exhibited, in her apparel, a studied richness and elegance, which, without encroaching on an entire simplicity and propriety, savored at once of her poetical nature and her habitual aspirings after the perfect. To every useful economic art within the compass of a lady's capacity, she turned her hand with admirable adroitness. Her achievements with the needle especially, extended far beyond the usual routine of that busy implement. In conversation, her manner, which was rather rapid, was sprightly and interesting. Her observations were full of enthusiasm for everything beautiful and good; and a keen sense of the ludicrous, with which nature had endowed her, was employed but rarely and in very secluded intimacy. She was a successful cultivator of the finest fruits and flowers.

*An affecting testimony was rendered at once to her memory and to her proficiency in the German, by a letter received by the family some months after her death, from a German, who had been in the habit of loaning her books in that language to read. The writer of it was otherwise an entire stranger to the family. The letter encloses a poetical tribute to his friend, with a request that, since he had conferred so much honor on his native language, it might be inserted in one of the interesting German volumes of her library. He at the same time acknowledges his indebtedness to her own writings in imparting to him an acquaintance with the English tongue. The following translation of the lines, which were written in German, may convey something of the tone of the original, as well as betray some degree also their national origin.

Mary, too soon, too soon, thou wing'st thy flight,
And leav'st full many a heart in deepest gloom;
Soft be thy rest, and let thy turf lie light,
Till thou shalt grasp yon crown beyond the tomb.
Bursts on our vision, like the morning star,
The blessed thought, we yet shall see thy face;
Heaven opens, and lo! fair glancing from afar,
Our angel "Mary" in her Lord's embrace!

ers, and as it would have been a questionable approach to perfection to cultivate these only for her home, we find her almost daily sending them to friends, neighbors, and acquaintances, as far as this horizon of kind attentions could well extend. Many a little note from her has been treasured up, couched in such expressions as these :—" I hope my flowers will reach you as fresh as the love I send along with them." It was her constant habit to inquire into the condition of the sick poor in her neighborhood, and a portion of each day, particularly during the sickly season, was employed in preparing for them, with her own hands, both sustenance and comforts, which she usually distributed under the direction of their physician.

Such is the history of her promising and beautiful life, until she arrived at the age of about thirty years. She had established an enviable reputation in literature, and she saw it annually extending and rising, so as to gratify every reasonable wish of her heart. She was in the possession of an elegant and increasing library, the fruit of her own talents and mental exertions. Thus she had every inducement and encouragement to devote herself specifically to a life of literature, had she been summoned to it by the voice of Providence. Her expectations were also kindled by plans of more direct usefulness, among which was the most thorough education, by herself, of a lovely juvenile relative. Hitherto, her health had in general been sound, with the exception of some nervous derangements, which occasionally became positively neuralgic. These affections had no doubt concurred with her naturally retiring disposition to create in her a distaste for general society. Yet still she vividly sympathised in all that interested the busy world around her, and she formed the delight and pride of the more contracted circle in which she chose to move.

And now commenced the inroads of a most painful and mysterious disease, which baffled the skill of the ablest physicians, and after repeated attacks and retreats, sometimes reducing her to the very verge of dissolution, and then permitting her partially to resume her ordinary occupations and enjoyments, at length conquered her exhausted nature, and released her from the agonizing warfare.

Her character, however, in every respect, seemed to rise with these intensities of pressure. They only called out from it new and unexpected beauties and energies. She still prosecuted her literary engagements with a vigour which she could scarcely have surpassed in perfect health. We have already seen how much she accomplished in a single

year (1845) while laboring under disease, and even when deprived of the use of her hands. As an instance of her indomitable resolution, it deserves to be recorded that the progress of her malady having paralysed or otherwise disabled her right arm and hand, she immediately commenced the practice of writing with her left, and in that way covered many quires of paper with the mute but expressive memorials of her suffering. She had, indeed, a faithful and loving amanuensis besides, who assisted in her larger tasks of writing and transcribing. I have in my possession three Sonnets written by Miss Lee under these circumstances, and sent to me, not to correct or criticise, for she had now arrived at a stage of culture which no longer required that kind of assistance, but simply as an expression of her friendship, and an appeal to my solemn sympathy. By the favour of the publishers, I am enabled to present a *fac-simile* of the chirography of the first, believing that the reader will be interested in witnessing her mode of mechanically conquering difficulty. The whole of them are subjoined in ordinary type, since the three together constitute the most speaking illustration I could present of this period of her life. I need suggest to no reader of taste and sensibility the sublime pathos, the profoundly religious spirit, the nearly perfect flow of diction and of poetry, condensed into this exquisite trio of sonnets, nor the consequent value of the precious relique to its possessor.

SONNETS WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

I.*

Oh, gladsome Health ! hast thou no bright smile left
 For me, whom sickness hath so harshly wrung ?
 No whispered hope to speak me not bereft
 Of all, that makes the inner spirit young ?
 Wears my life's sky forever on its face,
 Clouds, seldom by joy's blessed sunshine riven ?
 Have the rich summer flowers for me no grace,
 Is there no freshness in the breath of heaven ?
 Alas for my sad lot, if it must be
 That health, that angel robed in earthly guise,
 No longer heeds my cry of agony,
 Nor longer turns on me her radiant eyes,
 But hurries by, with light, elastic tread,
 Careless of one, perchance soon to be numbered with the dead.

II.

Away, despondent thought ! I will not yield
 My gift of being to this blank despair,
 Nor have each gushing fount of feeling sealed
 To the sweet influence of hope's wholesome air ;

* See autograph of this Sonnet on opposite page.

Sonnets written during illness.

Oh! gladsome Health! hast thou no bright smile left
For me, whom sickness hath so harshly wrong?
No whispered hope to speak me not bereft
Of all, that makes the inner spirit young?
Wears my life's sky forever on its face,
Clouds, seldom by joy's blessed sunshine riven?
Have the rich Summer flowers for me, no grace,
Is there no freshness in the breath of heaven?
Alas! for my sad lot; if it must be
That health, that angel robed in earthly guise,
No longer heeds my cry of agony,
No longer turns on me her radiant eyes,
But hurries by with light, elastic tread,
Careless of one perchance soon to be numbered with the dead.

Enough, God wills it so ; and though life's cup
 Be filled with bitter sorrow to the brim,
 And weary days of anguish may make up
 The little remnant of existence dim ;
 Though 'neath the crushing grief my buoyant mind
 Feels itself cramped and fettered and confined ;
 And, roused to weak repining, my tired heart
 Sometimes, aye, even yearneth to depart,
 Yet, nerved by prayer, I'll bow me to His power,
 Trusting that He will grant me strength to wait the fitting hour.

III.

Yes, high soul ! struggle through thy day of ill !
 Soon shall the tangled web unravelled be,
 And all the darksome trials that now fill
 The woof of life's slight tissue, in the free
 And cloudless beam of God's eternity,
 Shall take such hues of splendor, till thou own,
 Gazing far up the past, 'twas good for thee
 To be afflicted. Therefore make no moan,
 Nor longer beat against thy prison bar ;
 But though close pent amid earth's gloomy night,
 Look to the radiant heavens, where star on star,
 Kindled by faith, shall cheer thy trembling sense,
 'Till even through death's black pall, thou viewest afar
 The fixed and central sun of God's omnipotence.

These sonnets must have been nearly the last poetry she ever wrote, and probably among the latest of her literary labors. The two or three concluding years of her life were filled with too much aggravated suffering, too many violent oscillations between prostrate vitality and the feebly rallying flame, to allow of her addressing herself to any fixed or exacting tasks. Her mental exercises gradually assumed a more spiritual frame, and her reading was chiefly confined to works of a corresponding description. From a little manuscript book, in which she recorded about this time her religious meditations from day to day, sometimes with her right hand, when it was partially restored, and sometimes with her left, the editor is permitted to make the following extracts. Each day's meditation was founded on some impressive text of scripture.

" APRIL 17, 1848.—Here would I inscribe a memorial of gratitude to that God, whose goodness has returned me safe to my home, and who during the past year, among so many depressing causes, preserves me still in cheerfulness and resignation, if not in health. Oh ! may I never forget how he supported me in a dark and trying hour,* and may he bestow his aid and blessing upon me, now that I would enter into a fresh covenant with my soul, to walk in the paths of righteousness all the remaining days of my life. Let this be my text for this day, and oh ! let it often be recalled to mind : 10 chapter, 42 verse, Luke—*But one thing is needful!* God help me to gain that one thing ; even though the world should take from me all beside."

*Referring to a severe surgical operation.

"SUNDAY, APRIL 19.—John, 4 chap., 34 verse.—*'Jesus said, my meat is to do the will of him who sent me, and to finish his work.'*—With what earnestness did the Saviour enter on and prosecute his ministry. No personal privation was ever regarded in comparison with the performance of duty, and in thus acting, what an example and pattern did he, the Altogether Sinless, set us, who are so prone to enter into temptation; who live so much for this poor, unsatisfying world, who think so seldom and so carelessly of the great work of our Salvation!

Millions of pilgrims throng earth's roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night;
One humble path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Strive, my soul, to walk in that narrow way; labour to do the whole will of God! to forget earth in the search after heaven."

"APRIL 23.—John xi, 28 verse.—*'The master is come and calleth for thee.'* Am I ready?"

"APRIL 25.—John, 13 chap., 38 verse.—*'Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake?'*—Let this question come frequently before me during this day; and while I am grateful to that God, who hath laid on me no heavy sacrifices in the path of duty, may I strive diligently to do the work he hath appointed for me; may I endeavor meekly to bear those trials, known only to myself and my God; and even when I am debarred from active usefulness, may I remember, 'That they also serve, who only stand and wait.'"

"MAY 4.—John, 19 chap., 4 verse.—*'I find no fault in him.'*—Such was Pilate's testimony to the perfection of the Saviour's character, even amid every inducement to revile and reproach him. Oh! let me too come to such an assurance, by steadfastly viewing it in every light, by searching out the evidences of his goodness, as they shine in every page of the New Testament; by seeking this day to show in every act that I too have made him my great Exemplar and pattern. '*I find no fault in him!*' Let not this be the mere language of my lips, but let my heart, my fervent, honest, revering heart, respond, and by God's goodness may I at length approach nearer in character, to the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, who was without spot and without sin. Let me this day often place him before me, both in his life and his death."

"JULY 28.—5 chap. Acts, 41 verse.—*'And they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name.'*—No open and harsh persecution now besets the followers of Christ as in the time of the Apostles, yet are we not frequently called to bear those sharp taunts or that bitter indifference, which are too apt to awaken angry and painful feelings? To be patient and unretaliating under such injuries, is now that shame which we may suffer for his sake.

Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to the Cross I cling.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4.—Psalm xciv., 18 verse—‘*When I said, my foot slippeth, thy mercy, O Lord ! held me up !*’—On how many occasions of life do we feel ourselves thus apparently without earthly support. In the hour of joy as well as sorrow, in pain as well as in health, when temptations and doubts perplex, we are ever ready to acknowledge ourselves helpless and forsaken, except we look to that Rock of Refuge, that sure promise that we may ever find in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and if we but turn to that source, how soon may we exclaim, thy mercy, O Lord ! upheld me ! Who cannot look to some such striking providence among the countless lesser ones which throng upon us at every hour ? I bless thee, O my God ! that I especially have been so highly favoured ; and oh ! may I never forget that goodness.”

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11.—John, xxi chap., 16 verse—‘*Lovest thou me ?*’—What a searching inquiry does the Saviour here make, not to the ardent Peter alone, but to each disciple in all future ages who may have taken the vow of the Christian upon them !

‘ Lovest thou me ?’ I hear my Saviour say ;
Oh ! that my heart had power to answer yea !
Thou knowest all things, Lord ! in heaven above,
And earth beneath. Thou knowest that I love !
But ’tis not so ; in word, and deed, and thought,
I do not, cannot love thee as I ought.

“ PSALM cxliii, 15 verse—‘*Teach me to do thy will.*’—What a subject for reflection is offered in seeking to discover the whole will of God ! How must the heart grow better, how must the spirit be elevated and expanded beneath the influence of such a study. What treasures of wisdom, truth, perfect goodness and holiness, will be necessarily looked into. Lord ! aid me in the search ! teach me to do thy will as I shall be able to comprehend it from every page of thy sacred Scriptures.”

“ JOHN, 4 chap., 32 verse—‘*I have meat to eat that ye know not of.*’ With what devotion did the blessed Saviour prosecute the work given him by his Father to perform ! How regardless was he of all personal convenience, and even of the simplest necessities of life. Would that I could take this lesson into my soul, and now when the world looks dark around me, when my breast is troubled and anxious about many things, and the future is too much my care, strive to gain for myself that pious trust, that hope in Christ, which may enable me amid all trial to exclaim in cheerful acquiescence, I have meat to eat that ye know not of. I have an inner fount of joy and hope, which gushes up into everlasting life.”

A year previous to her decease, she was induced to try a change of residence on Sullivan’s Island. But here, the disorder, instead of yielding at all, acquired terrific force, and she was brought home, in the opinion of her physician, her friends, and herself, a dying woman. Expecting, for a whole week, that every hour, or rather every moment would be her last, she may be said to have looked death familiarly in

the face for that space of time. Every symptom and appearance indicated the expected approaching result. Her spirit was wrought up to an unearthly calmness, and her abundant utterances partook of the grandeur of inspiration. She spoke of heaven, of the Saviour, of death, of the soul, of eternity, of holiness, of life, of spiritual progress, more like one who had been admitted within the unseen world, than like one who was yet standing before its portals,—more in the manner of instant vision than of lingering anticipation. Favorite portions of the Psalms and of the New Testament were repeatedly read to her; these she constantly craved, and she asked for nothing beside. But when she was thus more than prepared for the change, and her friends had even reluctantly resigned themselves to what seemed the inevitable decree, the unaccountable malady relaxed its death-grasp, and she at length became, to all appearance, again convalescent.

From this time, however, until her decease, there occurred no more of such violent and harassing alternations. Her decline was gradual from day to day, and almost imperceptible. Her sufferings were often intense, but no longer so inexpressible as those she had before endured. Taught by her very affection the stern discipline of concealment, she had learned to disguise her pains in great measure from her friends, and to wear a look of perpetual smiles above the sharp anguish within. At times, she even entertained the hope of ultimate recovery, recurred to her old favorite plans, particularly the education of her niece, and enjoyed more or less of miscellaneous reading. When increasing debility dissolved these fond dreams, and rendered the event no longer problematical, her existence was protracted by the extraordinary assiduities of her near connexions, and especially of a beloved sister. The belief of that sister in the impossibility of Mary's departure from the world was so strong, and her contest against it so resolute, as to excite the surprise of observers. It drew from a kind, attending physician the pleasant remark, that abetting, as it were, the doctrine of the Mesmerists, she seemed to be lengthening out her sister's life by the mere force of an untiring will. At last, after one of those slow, sad nights of helpless distress, when it would have been a sin to wish the sufferer any longer out of heaven, she died in calmness, as the morning was dawning.*

At her funeral services, the church was filled with a various concourse of citizens, seldom equalled in number at the interment even of a public personage. The following portion of the Address on that occasion

*On the 23d of Sept., 1849, at the age of thirty-six.

is inserted here, in order to complete the survey of Miss Lee's character, by a portraiture of her religious life, which could not well be formally introduced at any previous stage of the Memoir. After rendering a brief tribute to her genius and noticing the incidents of her literary career, which have been enlarged upon in the foregoing pages, the speaker thus concluded :—

“ It is not, however, as ultimate themes of admiration, that I allude here to her brilliant intellectual attainments and exercises. Her hovering spirit would rebuke the flattering profanation. Nor would my sorrow permit me to indulge at this moment in any vein of literary criticism. But the depth and extent of her moral and religious worth could not be estimated except by a passing allusion to the achievements and powers of her intellect. Because, it was to religion and to virtue that she devoted and consecrated them all. She would have been the first to renounce and condemn their exercise, had they contributed in the least degree to impair the strength of her faith, or had they stood between her and the foot of the cross. Amidst all the fascinations of praise, and all the delights of literary cultivation, her spirit rushed straightforward to her Saviour and her God. Notwithstanding the height of her literary reputation, yet all who knew her intimately, thought of her as a religious, rather than an intellectual woman. When scarcely beyond the days of her thoughtful childhood, she devoted her being to the service of Jesus, at whose table she sat with ever-growing faith and piety. Her highest life, her keenest enjoyments, her most vivid interest, all the growth and development of her character, were directly connected with the church of her God. Hence the sanctity of her manners—the benignity of her disposition—the benevolence of her heart—the serenity and uniformity of her life—the largeness of her toleration—and the strength of her unconquerable fortitude. Never was a conscientiousness more sensitive than hers—never one that probed so faithfully and jealously down to the bottom of every motive. Among her dying exercises, so long protracted, her most anxious apprehension was, lest she had been too fond of being loved, and human approbation had been too dear to her. For many years, pain and death were as familiar to her as friendship itself. Suffering she could call her sister, and disease her near companion. And oh, were these calamities ever borne more bravely, or improved and sanctified more thoroughly? Had it been her lot to descend gradually and certainly to the grave, the calmness of her preparation might not have surpassed that of thousands who glide quietly and happily from life. But to say nothing of the aggravations caused by an overstrung nervous temperament, she was calm amid those wrenches of the soul, occasioned by repeated alternations of recovery and relapse—of hope and despair—of death welcomed and life forced back upon her still willing soul. For she loved to live—she longed to do a little more good on earth—the paradise of loving and admiring hearts that surrounded her was almost too sweet to leave even for heaven itself. Her life here indeed was but a beginning and anticipation

of heaven. Here she felt the presence of her God—saw with clear eye the brightness of his glories—was assured of his love—was established on his promises—had renounced every cherished tendency to sin—and was baptized in the spirit and shut up in the mediation of her suffering yet glorified Saviour. In looking back on the last few years of her existence, it is hard to say whether she were a denizen of earth or of heaven. But thanks be to God, the event which now assembles us here, fixes at length the certainty. It is almost preposterous to mourn her departure. Oh Father, we thank thee that she lived, and that we have known her. We thank thee that the truth and divinity of thy religion have been demonstrated and realized and rendered a living fact by her eloquent presence. We would still, we must still deem her near to us. Her departure has but blended heaven and earth more closely together. Henceforward, our earthly pilgrimage and our eternal, can be but one. Indeed, she has so lucidly clothed the whole truth and feeling on this momentous subject in some of her own happiest lines, that I cannot forbear introducing them in this place and occasion, as the most appropriate close to the reflections that have been awakened by the view of her open grave :

Death would be dark indeed,
If, with this mortal shroud,
We threw off all the sympathies
That in our being crowd,
And entered on the spirit-land,
A stranger, mid a stranger-band.

Oh no ! it cannot be,
Ye ! the long lost of years,
Mid all the changes of this life,
Its thousand joys and fears,
We love to think that round ye move,
Making an atmosphere of love.

YE are NOT NEAR to us ;
But as bright stars unseen,
We hold that ye are ever near,
Though death intrudes between,
Like some thin cloud that veils from sight
The countless spangles of the night.

No apathy has struck
Its ice-holt through our hearts ;
Yours are among our household names,
Your memory ne'er departs,
And far, far sweetest are the flowers
Ye planted in our favorite bowers.”*

The compiler naturally expected to have enriched and illustrated this memoir by other manuscript relics than those which have been employed, and especially by several of Miss Lee's letters. But although she was a punctual and copious correspondent, yet little can be found

* See the whole of this very beautiful poem at page 92 of the present volume. Many other stanzas were recited from it at the funeral.

among her letters of a sufficiently general interest to warrant its exhibition to the public. She seemed, in her correspondence, to fly to the personal details and affectionate intimacies of domestic life, as a relief from the more constraining formalities of publication. A few specimens, however, of a different kind, are here subjoined, which have the charm of sprightliness and discriminating remark.

“ CHARLESTON, August 9, 1837.

Dear M. A.—

I have deferred writing you until now, because I feared that among new faces and new scenes, you would hardly find time to listen to the idle chat of one so prosing as myself. But now I can wait no longer, for this wet Saturday afternoon brings Sunday to my mind, and with the Sabbath always come thoughts, pleasant thoughts of you. Not that I do not remember you every day, ah! I may almost with truth say, every hour, for indeed, M. A. you are one of the few persons whom absence seems to make dearer. * * * *

Now steeped as your heart of hearts is in all that relates to your religion, methinks I hear you wish that Mary Lee would tell you something of the Church,—the church, our pleasant meeting-place! Well, don't be surprised when I tell you that our Sabbath School is coming on gloriously. I have a class of boys that keep me always straining after knowledge. They are all hopefully brilliant, but among my jewels are * *, * *, * *, * *, * *, * *, and * *, in a class of only ten, not to mention one poor little unfortunate girl, whom they have thought proper, by way of exciting to exertion, to put among the boys, and who looks out from her corner like a violet from its grass-plot. Their bright smiling faces beam like sunshine on my mind through the whole day after teaching them. They learn but a short lesson, a page of questions on the New Testament, as I find it best to excite their attention by selections from books containing an account of ancient customs and manners, biography, et cetera. A few Sundays ago, one of them wanted to know how the commandments were written. C. T. started up and exclaimed, ‘it must have been by the finger of God.’ Make haste home, and I will share my precious jewels with you.

I have been very busy writing of late a long story concerning a painter's pretty daughter. Perhaps I may dedicate it to you. I wish there was no accusation of vanity among people, and then I would send you some glorious puffs which I have lately received through the public prints.

When you may become familiar with the Boston bookstores, I want you to buy me some volumes of American poetry. I have Halleck, Willis, Sigourney, Clarke, Drake, and others already, and am desirous to form something of a collection. Pick up all news afloat about our poor, unfortunate Mr. * *, and be sure it be good and pleasant tidings that you send, for my heart's door is standing wide open to let in all good things about him and his. Never forget, too, to hear Dr. Channing, for if you do not, it will be like the old man I once read of,

who went to Germany and forgot to see the emperor. And a *greater* than the emperor is *here* !

Mother hopes you enjoy yourself, and will not welcome you unless you bring back a face tinted with the rich, pure carmine of health, and I say the same thing. And now with a fervent 'God bless you,' believe me your friend in truth and in truth,

MARY E. LEE."

"HOMESTEAD, (SPARTANBURG DISTRICT,) Feb. 18, 1838.

Dear M. A.—

Be assured that I do not write to you now, because I think that you in any way deserve a letter, but because my inclination to hold written converse with you is so strong, that it will not let me keep silence any longer. I have read and re-read your long coming epistle, and although inclined to quarrel with you on some of its topics, yet I will forbear, and try to feel all Christian charity to you. And first, with regard to my jewels, or to speak clearly, my Sunday scholars, how much it troubles me to learn, that in spite of all your unwearied attention and punctuality, you do not find them, as I expected, of the *first water*, but are constrained to say, that after great labour, their brilliancy, if there be any, is still a latent quality. Every Sunday I imagined you listening with delight to lessons well recited, and answers well understood, and then fancying your deep gratitude at being allowed the privilege of attending such bright intelligences. But alas, I find now that my visions have all "proved day dreams, and that you will resign the pleasant task without even a sigh. But enough on this painful subject. You ask how I have been occupied, and why I have written so little for the pages of the Rose. Well, I must tell you. I have forsworn poetry, and excepting a 'Farewell' to it, which I wanted to make very pathetic, have not written a verse for a long while. As I tell you, this 'Farewell to Poesy' was a thing I designed should be the last and best, and accordingly one dark wintry afternoon, I wrapped myself closely in cloak and boa, and slipping away from the children, who are always in readiness for a walk, I proceeded to a very lonely and romantic spot at some distance from Homestead, hoping that in this deep solitude I might strike the 'harp of solemn sound,' so that it should give out music worthy of so high a theme. But in vain the wind moaned in most doleful cadence, in vain the waterfall sang its tireless song, in vain the owl in an adjacent wood croaked ever and anon ; I could not attune *my spirit* aright. My rhymes jingled readily enough, but I could not win 'the spark of heaven to tremble down the wire,' and after being seated for a full hour over a wet log, which produced, as you may suppose, a most uncommon rheumatism, I was startled by * * * * *, who came to inquire of my poetical success. With great animation I read my several verses, each ending with these emphatic lines,

I vow that I no more will be
A captive to sweet poesy ;

and which lines, to my surprise, produced at each repetition a most un-

restrained burst of laughter, and were at last set to a most ridiculous tune, which was sung during our long walk homeward, with the most provoking perseverance, till I too was compelled to laugh at my own hard earned composition. Now you see I have let you into one of the trials of the scribbling class, and perhaps it may take away any disposition which you may sometimes feel towards courting the gentle Muse. I wanted so much to produce that Farewell, before I 'furled my sail, to try no more the unsteady breath of favour ;' and now I am resolved not to give up the ship, but to hold on, so long as the storm of public opinion does not beat too hard. Don't you think I had better continue, confining myself to such innocent, simple subjects as 'Lines to the owner of an Album,' 'Stanzas to E. C.,' 'Sonnet to the Evening Star,' and so on ? Such lines can do no mischief, you know, to the cause of poetry.

But I promised to tell what I was doing, and you will be alarmed to hear, that I am drinking, with great *gout*, at the fount of philosophy. To be sure, as yet my progress has been but slow, and the draught not very deep, for I have taken in but parts of Doctor Adams' Moral Philosophy, and fear to think when I shall be possessed of the whole. Have you read the work ? Cousin S. thinks *very well* of it. If you want a treat in Natural Philosophy, I can recommend to your perusal 'Euler's letters,' which form two volumes of that excellent publication, 'The Family Library.' The subjects are handled with a clearness and *conciseness*, which pleased me greatly ; and perhaps like me, and I suspect women in general, you do not like those *huge tomes*, that always seem to smell of poppies, whenever I venture so far as to open them. I like roast pig when stuffed with raisins and currants, for so I remember eating it some years ago at a friend's house ; and though a homely simile, I would compare Philosophy with this heavy, substantial dish, and can truly say I never enjoy it unless well stockeod with some apropos anecdote ; some short flight of fancy ; some occasionally wild conjecture. With the word conjecture, Dick's Works are brought to my mind, and I want you to read them also. I am now busy with his 'Philosophy of Religion,' a work which, on account of its being a little startling, interests me exceedingly. What do you think of him when I tell you that he says, 'it is a pleasing fancy to suppose that a city lit with *gas lights*, would present the same appearance to the inhabitants of the moon, which that satellite's luminous spots display to us.' Don't you think this is but a pleasing *fancy*, with no reality ? Cousin S. has a first rate Microscope ; also an excellent *Telescope*, through which we have been for several evenings holding pleasant intercourse with Venus and Jupiter. The queen of beauty smiled on us with a most beaming smile, but Jupiter, vexed at being spied at, would only show three moons, and although we put on one power after another, would not show the fourth, much as we desired it. However, we will take another peep to-night, and hope to find him better disposed. Don't you love to look at the stars ? I do. What an idea of happiness a star conveys. With such a boundless space to move in ; such an unmeasured distance before it, and such a long existence to live through. A star, with proper study,

will furnish abundant food to the mind, and the heart also. Do you make the evening star your heart-study as you promised, and does it bring me any nearer to you every evening. I hope so, or you have proved a forgetful friend.

Yours affectionately,

MARY E. LEE."

" CHARLESTON, June 25, 1840.

Dear M. A——.

I have been very patiently waiting until some message came, informing me that you were really sighing after an epistle from your friend, and at length yesterday brought your eloquent Selim, who, in a full, feeling, and well-rounded period, gave a most vivid picture of your present health and happiness, and so worked on my unkindly feelings, that I have now sat down, determined to furnish you with a long, prosy article from my pen.

And first, why are you so happy? Knowing as you do, that I am growing more and more anxious for that slight shade of homesickness, which I predicted would commence about this time, and so grow thicker and thicker, till by autumn your morbid mind would not discern one ray of pleasure through the lowering clouds, and you would come back, feeling more than ever, how much better Charleston air agrees with you than any other. Take my word for it, if your first letter to me is all unclouded sunshine, I shall immediately put up Miss Landon's works in my next package, and send them to Miss M. A. S., Walterboro'. They are the best and most prompt of all medicines for driving away that rare disease, perfect content.

Perhaps you are anxious to know how I am employing myself. You shall hear. I have been poring over a book brought me by my friend Dr. D. The subject is 'Pneumatology;' or should you, like myself, be ignorant of the meaning of this new-fangled word, I will tell you that it means the Science of Ghosts, Spirits, et cetera. Its effect is so powerful on the imagination, that while under its immediate influence, I feel a strong desire to be magnetized and intend sending my mind, on its first excursion, to Walterboro', where, should you prove accessible, we may come into *rapport*, as the term is, and find it just as easy to hold intercourse together, as if we were sitting side by side. What a glorious thing it is to have faith in this new doctrine of magnetism! Steamers, balloons, rail-cars, all move at snail's pace, when compared with the rapidity of mind, and as for travelling at all, what need is there of such wear-and-tear of existence, when one may quietly sit down, and look into the huts of the polar regions, or walk beneath the luxurious forests of the Tropics. Doctor S. lately magnetized a poor, ignorant, untravelled woman, and had the happiness of gaining from her a most lucid, graphic, and perfectly correct account of the condition, state of morals, et cetera, in Cuba. The only difficulty is, that one can remember nothing.

I am translating Lamartine with great *gout*, and expect to tire out

the public before long. If you come across any subjects in your reading, put them on paper, and forward the same to me for poetical illustration.

* * * * *

Yours affectionately,

MARY E. LEE."

After the composition of this Memoir had considerably advanced, the writer felt apprehensive lest his long continued and peculiar relations to Miss Lee had exalted, beyond due limits, his appreciation of her character. He therefore requested Professor S. H. Dickson, a gentleman on whose penetration and opportunities of judging, every reliance could be placed, to favour him with his impressions and recollections of their departed common friend. With his usual kindness he readily complied, and his communication is here presented with much pleasure, not only as corroborating the Editor's own views, but as a gem in itself, for which one may be proud and happy to have furnished the enshasing.

" SEPTEMBER, 1850.

Rev. Dr. S. Gilman :—

MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly gratified to learn that it is contemplated to publish a volume of the Poems of our amiable and much lamented friend, Miss Mary E. Lee. They will offer delightful reading to all lovers of Poesy, and some among them 'the world will not willingly let die.'

I knew Miss L. from her childhood, and have never known a purer or more loveable person. Her intellect was far above the average. Her love of literature was constant and tasteful: her very life was poetical.

Her conversation was always interesting and agreeable, and gave more pleasure from the gentleness of her unaffected manner, and the softness of her musical voice. Female intelligence, united with refinement, never assumed a more attractive form. She 'bore her faculties so meekly' that the sense of her superiority stole over us unconsciously; it was never asserted in any form.

I do not mean to claim for her the possession of lofty talent, or gifts of the highest order; but there is surely the true poetic spirit in the 'Place of the last Sleep,' and 'The Legend of Toccoa.'

Her prose was clear, flowing and graceful; and the children for whom she wrote so kindly and so well, were always charmed with her stories, and the easy style in which they were told.

It does not become me to dwell on the exceeding loveliness of her home character, which I had frequent and sometimes sad opportunity to see revealed in mild brightness: her cheerful gravity, her uniform affectionateness mingled in the sick room with a tender and patient assiduity. These traits constitute a fund of reminiscences which must swell almost to bursting the hearts of those to whom she was most dear, and

from whom she is torn for a brief but desolating period. They are pleasant but mournful to the soul of each one of us who at any time enjoyed the privilege of friendly intimacy with her.

I am especially glad that to you, who knew her so familiarly, is committed the grateful task of recording her excellencies, and describing a life so good, so pious, so free from all earthly stain, that it seems to have been but a mere introduction to and preparation for Heaven.

Yours, most cordially and respectfully,

SAM'L. HENRY DICKSON."

P O E M S .

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

A KING lay stretched beneath the hand, the heavy hand of
death,
Dark fears were crowding on his brow, and panting was
his breath ;
His deep groans told of wasted years, and pomp's gay
fleeting hour,—
Vain—vain,—the crown, the robe, the sword, they speak
but dying power.

His dim eye seeks for comfort from pale sorrow's sooth-
ing face,
One burst of heart-felt pity were worth earth's fettered
race ;
Ah ! it seeks in vain the treasure ;—'tis no where 'neath
the sky ;—
He heaves one sob of agony :—and thus earth's mighty die.

Death's marble hue was settling on the shrunken form of
age,
The thin lips shook convulsively, as thought read memory's
page ;
For the stream of truth had perished, 'midst falsehood's
treacherous sands,
And honour lay expiring 'neath avarice' grasping hands.

With a sick and aching bosom, he sinks o'erpressed with
care,
For not one talent hath he gained, though silvery is his
hair ;
He grasps with eager earnestness, the brief, pure days of
youth,
They fade, grow dim, and vanish, in the faultless glass of
truth.

The maiden's breath was fleeting, as the morning's tran-
sient dew,
And her cheek was pale as snow-drop, just tinged with eve-
ning's hue ;
Yet keenest pain or anguish could not change her dove-
like tone,
And countless nights of weariness ne'er caused a sigh nor
moan.

Her angel smile spoke gratitude, for tear-clad looks of love,
And her mother's prayer, and sister's kiss, seem'd bless-
ings from above ;
For a peace, calm, pure, and heavenly, had settled o'er her
soul,
And the bliss of earth had mingled with that God, who
gave the whole.

Then court not glory's splendour, for ah ! too soon 'twill
die ;
Put not thy trust in riches, that soon take wings and fly ;
But seek that better portion, for all those laid up in store,
Who, spurning Earth's frail pleasure, press on to heaven's
bright shore.

SMILES.

I SAW a smile upon the lip of an infant fair and bright,
'Twas like a beauteous rainbow, arrayed in varied light ;
But its lustre soon had faded, for there came a pearly
shower,
And it flew away as lightly as a sunbeam from a flower.

I watched the smile upon the young, the happy mother's
face,
As it rested there in beauty, and tenderness, and grace ;
Why that shade of strange idolatry, like clouds upon the
sky ?
Ah ! her babe's fond clasp had ravished her—as if he could
not die.

I read the short-lived smile of hope, in manhood's noble
eye,
And the flashing glance was thrilling, as lightning from on
high ;
Yet, it dimmed the soul's bright tablet, for in its secret
cell,
Were fostered deadliest passions, that bade all peace fare-
well.

I met the kingly warrior, returning from the plain,
And I marvelled, e'en to weeping, how he could smile again ;
For his sword had struek the death-blow, where a mother's
 first-born bled,
And his foot had pressed the red turf, where lay heaps of
 uncalled dead.

I sought the smile that lingered o'er a fair young-slumber-
 er's brow,
With a gift so pure and radiant, say, death, what sting
 hadst thou ?
Oh ! it whispered hope and glory, till I bowed myself in
 prayer—
For I felt the grave was vanquished : Heaven's lasting seal
 was *there*.

SUMMER CLOUDS.

SUMMER clouds, summer clouds, that hurry away,
In your loose flowing robes ; I pray ye yet stay !
Oh ! stay for a moment, for I too would know,
From what land ye have come, and whither ye go ?
In your beautiful barks, too quickly ye glide,
With your light-tinted sails, through ether's blue tide.

We have roamed, we have roamed, all reckless and free,
O'er earth's boundless regions, its treasures to see ;
We have hovered afar o'er the wide Western main,
To the land, where the forests in free grandeur reign ;
We have shadowed the spot, where the glassy lake gleams,
And hung our dark spells o'er the flood's thousand streams.

We have knelt, we have knelt, to the mountain's proud
crest,
And spread our white shroud o'er the valley's pure breast ;
We have kissed the wet cheek of the lone waterfall,
And cared not to stay, although ceaseless its call ;
Then cheered the frail flower, sick of Phoebus' bright face,
And waked, with our presence, a magical grace.

Summer clouds, summer clouds, why hurry away ?
Still wreath with your garlands the brow of the day :
Pass not yet, pass not yet, on your feathery flight,
But rest in your beauty, ye children of light !
Still hover around us, and stir your soft wings,
Nor long to glide from us, like Earth's lovely things.

L I G H T .

I SMILE in the sunbeam, and dart in the storm ;
To the fleet-footed rainbow, I lend its bright form ;
I tint the pale sea-gem, that sparkles below ;
And deck, for the mermaid, her couch pure as snow.

I nurse dying twilight, with soft trembling kiss,
Till my foot almost slides into night's dread abyss ;
Then haste to the morning, to burnish her hall,
And struggle with shadows, till wearied they fall.

I dance on the torrent, with light paintless tread,
And flit o'er the cascade, with silver wing spread ;
Then dash to the comet, that hangs proudly high,
And wake a fresh glance in her wild glaring eye.

I hang the ice mountain with grey chandeliers,
 And smile on the vale, with her face gemmed with tears;
 Then peep at the sad mist within her damp shroud,
 Or shed crimson blushes o'er morning's grey cloud.

I point the bright tear in the violet's eyes,
 I visit the tulip, and mingle her dyes;
 I kiss the pale snow-drop, that bows in her grief,
 And my fond resting place is the *Rose Bud's* pure leaf.

WHERE ARE YE?

“ Bright faces, kind voices, where are ye, where ? ”—*Mrs. Hemans.*

WHERE are 'ye ! smiles of gladness, that blessed my early
 hours,
 Ere with parting, fond yet joyous, I left my home's bright
 bowers ;
 Beguiled by dreams of poesy, and young hope's syren lay,
 To seek for fancy's fragile wreaths, amid life's sunny way.

Where are those early loved ones, that bounding from re-
 pose,
 Would revel 'mid the wild woods, until the evening's close !
 And the hearts that linked in tenderness, which through
 the live-long day,
 Twined sweet affection's tendrils ; say, where ? oh ! where,
 are they ?

The landscape still is beauteous, in all its light and shade,
 And the silvery stream still glistens amid the quiet glade,

The young bud sheds its softest glow, and breathes its richest sigh,
But with a weary, sickened gaze, I coldly pass them by.

The rainbow birds are carolling, those wild, untiring things,
And the spirit of the zephyr still floats on noiseless wings,
Yes! all is bright, unclouded, save this sad heart alone,
For alas! the smiles are wanting, that on my childhood shone.

TO MY COUSIN.

OTHER friends may whisper of the beauty of thy face,
And say that all thou doest has its own peculiar grace,
That thy lip is like a rose-leaf, just steeped in fragrant dew,
And thy laughing eye is radiant, as the sun 'mid ether's blue.

Yet heed them not, young cousin, for beauty loves to stray,
And warble mid the flow'rs, thro' youth's light spring-tide day ;

But sorrow soon may weary her brightly-burnish'd wings,
And alas! e'en she must vanish, with time's pale care-worn things.

Oh! would'st thou seek a treasure, that heeds not time or blight,

But twines, amid youth's roses, her crown of living light ;
That pours her deep-toned music, when summer notes have fled,

And sheds her choicest blessings, when outward charms are dead?

The prize is thine, young Cousin, oh ! guard the priceless
gem,
Nor change, for earth's mean baubles, the peerless diadem ;
Vain—vain thy search and toiling, 'mid the mines of life
to find,
A jewel, pure and godlike, as the talisman of *Mind*.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

OH ! why would'st thou weep o'er the joys that have fled ?
And in manhood's calm twilight, recall the day-dream ;
And why weary thought the lost pathway to tread,
That once marked thy progress by youth's sunny stream ?
Though the mist-wreath of pleasures be torn from thy
brow,
Which hope with her fairy hands nurtured and wove ;
Though joys, like light shadows, have fled from thee now,
Still, still thou art blessed in a Sister's fond love.

Disappointment's chill hand may have swept o'er the lyre,
Where affection once called forth each magical lay ;
And health's summer flower may have dropped on the pyre,
That genius enkindled with Heaven's own ray ;
Ambition may hover with gay, sparkling plume,
And far, 'neath her banner, thy footsteps may rove ;
Yet flee from the meteor, that leads but to gloom,
And joy in the light of a Sister's free love.

And when death comes at last, like a proud-crested wave,
And thy life-bark floats fast to eternity's seas ;
When calm faith at the helm points to that which can save,
And hope spreads her white sails to mercy's fair breeze ;

When the bright shores of Heaven gain quick on thy sight,
And the things that are real, thy clear glance can prove ;
Oh ! 'tis then, only then, in those regions of light,
Thou canst know the deep fount of a Sister's rich love.

THEY LED ME ON.

“Such partings break the heart, they fondly hope to heal.”—*Byron*.

THEY led me on, they led me on, with slow and mournful
tread,
'Mid the solemn gloom and silence, to gaze upon the dead !
With half breathed sigh, and trembling touch, they raised
the fearful veil,
And softly bade me look once more, upon thy features pale.

They said, 'twould calm my grief, to kiss thy cold and placid
cheek,
And twine my arms around thy form, that lay so sadly
meek ;
They said in after days I'd mourn I had not seen thy face,
And marked how gently death had sketched his dim, yet
certain trace.

Vain, vain the task : full oft I strove, 'mid grief's first, endless
day,
To reach with them, the quiet couch, where lay the dream-
less clay,
Then shrinking back, would seek again some secret hiding
place,
And ask, “why is it, that I dread that dear familiar face ?”

Alas ! I could not bear to look upon that precious flower,
And feel its beauty and its smile would wither in an hour ;
I could not brook to call it mine, that changing icy gem,
Too well I knew, oh ! monarch death, it deck'd thy diadem.

Beloved one, oh ! beloved one, thine image still appears,
In all the sunny freshness of spring-tide's early years,
Still, still, I meet thy loving glance, and list thy cheering
 tone,
And twine, with memory's garlands, my heart's deep cham-
 bers lone.

Yes ! often when, at twilight's hour, thy features I recall,
And fond Affection fears I seek thy coffin and thy pall,
I joy to clear her anxious brow, where furrowing care hath
 trod,
With glimpses of thy pictured bower, 'mid the paradise of
 God.

SABBATH EVENING.

THE calm, holy light of the Sabbath is fading ;
Wearied and dim is the Eye of the morn ;
Clad in rich garments, the winged clouds are braiding
Rainbow-hued curtains, day's couch to adorn.

Soft o'er each flower the dew-drop is stealing,
Folded and mute is the wing of the breeze ;
Nature has hushed each tumultuous feeling ;
Scarcely a zephyr is heard 'mid the trees.

Sentinel stars, from their far dwellings gleaming,
Bare their bright foreheads to ether's pure gaze ;
Night's peerless queen, with her diadem beaming,
Pours o'er the landscape her silvery rays.

Free from earth's turmoil, each bosom is waking
Heavenly notes, on the harp of the mind ;
Nerved by its measure, devotion is breaking
The strong, iron fetters, her pinions that bind.

Sorrow and sin, by her touch disenchanted,
Pass, like dim dreams at the light of the day,
Halo-crown'd hope, with her aspect undaunted,
Points to meek faith the ethereal way.

* * * * *

Star of the wilderness ! where art thou hasting ?
Lend to the darkness thy beauteous spell :
Far from thy home thou art weary and wasting ;
Exile from heaven, we bid thee farewell !

If such be the sweetness, that flows from the fountain,
Who 'mid the dry sandy desert would roam ?
Pilgrim ! pass on to the riches past counting,
Nor seek in this pale, darksome dwelling, thy home.

Oh ! for the dawn of that endless to-morrow,
That sends, for its herald, this bright fleeting day ;
Oh ! for that haven, where safe from all sorrow,
We'll joy in the bliss of a long Sabbath day.

SABBATH BELLS.*

SWEET Sabbath bells ! sweet Sabbath bells !
How clear and deep your music swells :
Oh ! though ye speak in solemn voices,
Yet still the inmost heart rejoices.

The city's crowd delight to hear
Your hallowed summons far and near :
And childhood's noisy greeting tells,
How much it loves you, Sabbath bells !

The aged and the sick lie still,
Beneath your calm and soothing thrill ;
On sorrow's ear the echo swells,
Like tones from Heaven, ye Sabbath bells.

The Sailor, on the dark sea's foam,
Cheers his lone heart with thoughts of home,
And 'mid its countless spring-tide spells,
Yours are the strongest—Sabbath bells.

Oh ! yes, in every favoured clime,
Where'er is heard your silver chime,
'Neath palace roofs, or lowly cells,
Ye find a welcome, Sabbath bells !

* The Bells of Rylestone seemed to say,
While she sat listening in the shade,
With vocal music, " God us ayde !"
And all the hills were glad to bear
Their part in this effectual prayer.

T O S U M M E R .

THE changeful Spring has vanished, that plant of fickle birth,
That, nursed by cloud and sunshine, soon passed away from
earth ;

And thou, oh ! Summer, comest in bright and chainless glee,
To spread o'er land and ocean, thy gorgeous pageantry,
And wake thy music free.

With rich and varied diadem, thou circlest Nature's brow,
And snows of wintry regions, like conquered vassals, bow ;
While all things, fair and lovely, have met to bless thy
reign,

And twine with wreaths of gladness, a variegated fane,
Thy presence to detain.

The groups of happy faces, that seek the streamlet's side,
All welcome thee triumphantly, at shady eventide ;
And meek, yet changeless woman, beguiles man's weary
way,

Oft, with some plaintive melody, or gay and antique lay,
At close of Summer's day.

The aged, time worn pilgrim, thou half allurest back,
To seek the fleeting phantoms, that thronged youth's dis-
tant track ;

To many a cheek consumptive, where death his seal has
brought,

Thou lendest tints of promise, though hope indeed be
nought,

And health a perished thought.

Yet, fair and gentle Summer, I heed not now thy light,
Upon this heart has fallen a mildew and a blight ;
Thy presence, once so joyous, has wakened memory's sweep,
And stirr'd the floods of sorrow, that run so full and deep,
 They ne'er will sink to sleep.

Why rear for me the floweret, though fragrant be its breath?
That frail and wasting sweetness but tells of early death :
Why lure me with thy green earth, and bright, unclouded
 sky,
When o'er this anguished vision, a depth of shadows lie,
 That scorns their sympathy ?

Alas! there now is wanting a low, familiar voice,
That more than hidden waters, could make our hearts re-
 joice ;
And the beams of fond affection, that lit that quiet face,
Undimmed by doubt or sickness, might mock the sunbeam's
 trace,
 So magical its grace.

The cherished and the beauteous, why must they fade and
 die,
When earth unveils each treasure, to tempt the ravished
 eye?
And the tones of love's own cadence, say, where their an-
 swering thrill,
When Nature breathes rich music o'er sunny dell and hill?
 Oh! cease, vain thoughts, be *still* !

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

(From the German of Schiller.)

"Divide the world," said Jove upon his throne
To all mankind : "I give this endless fee
To you as heirs ; receive it as your own,
And quite impartial let each portion be."

In hurried groups, they pressed, an ardent train,
Where youth and age alike each part surveyed ;
The ploughman sought the rich and fertile plain,
While on his steed the hunter kept the glade.

The well-stored warehouse spake the merchant's prize ;
While father abbot chose the good old wine :
The lordly monarch claimed with eager eyes,
Each bridge and road, and said, "the toll is mine."

The time long past, and each had won his boon ;
When came the poet on his lonely way :
But sad his fate, for now he learned too soon,
That every portion owned a master's sway.

"Alas ! for me, am I alone forgot,
'Midst all that share thy gifts, child of thy love?"
In murmurs loud, he speaks his bitter lot,
And prostrate falls before the throne of Jove.

"If in the land of dreams thou would'st delay,"
Replied the God, "why now appeal to me ?
Where wert thou at the earth's division, say ?
"I was," the poet meekly said, "near thee."

“ Long on thy glories dwelt my raptured gaze,
While every sense drank in the heavenly flow :
Forgive the soul, that, dazzled by thy rays,
Forgot all earthly gain in store below.”

“ What can be done ?” said Jove, “ the world bestowed,
Nor harvest, woods, nor marts remain to me :
Wilt thou in heaven accept a blessed abode ?
Whene’er thou com’st, thou’lt find a welcome *free*.”

MATTHEW, CH. XIII. VS. 2—3.

“ He went into a ship, and sat ; and the whole multitude stood on the shore. And he spake many things unto them in parables.”

WAS it on that sacred height,
Where the Temple, bathed in light,
Stood like queen in snowy vest,
With her rich and golden crest ;
Where the spirit-wakening choir
Seemed emotions to inspire,
Like the mingling notes that sound
From some fair enchanted ground ;
And the incense gently stealing
Through the gorgeous curtain’s flow,
Woke a gush of holy feeling
In the kneeling crowds below ;
Was it there the Saviour taught
Parables, with wisdom fraught ?
No !—Moriah’s lofty fane
Did not echo them again.

Did he seek some quiet bower,
At the day-dawn's hallowed hour,
Where the wavy palm-tree spread
Softer light than emeralds shed,
And the flow'ret smiled in grace
From her secret resting-place,
As the young bird woke salute
On his ever changing flute :
Where the sunbeam scarce was flushing
With its light, the filmy shade,
And the streamlet, freely gushing
Tracked the deeply-tinted glade ;
Was it there the Saviour taught
Parables with wisdom fraught ?
Oh ! the spot, it was not such,
Where he laid his loadstone touch.

Hasten to that spreading lake,
Where no waves the silence break,
Nor a cloud is on its breast,
But, in festal sunbeams drest,
E'en the slightest ripple's chain
Seems to break and weave again ;
And the groups of distant sails
Woo in vain the dying gales ;
See'st thou not a light bark gleaming
By the sparkling sea-beach now,
While the mid-day sun is streaming
Like a torrent on its prow :
There it was the Saviour taught
Parables with wisdom fraught :
There !—with God-like strength endued—
Gazing on that multitude.

SATURDAY EVENING REFLECTIONS.

ANOTHER week has passed away,
Review, my soul, the landscape o'er;
See, if thy feet have trod, each day,
The paths that lead to duty's shore.

Has pleasure's syren voice been hushed,
When reason breathed her calmer lay?
Have the rank weeds of vice been crushed,
And virtue blossomed in their way?

Count up the treasures of thy mind;
For five good talents, hast thou ten?
Weigh every motive, wilt thou find
That thou hast done thy part to men?

Has every hour flown winged with wealth
Of fervent prayer, or generous deed?
Hast thou watched o'er thy soul's good health,
Thy heart from sin's infection freed?

But hark! 'tis conscience that replies;
She tells in words too fraught with truth,
Of many an unwept sin, that dyes
The gay, bright, thoughtless days of youth.

She leads the soul to that clear glass,
(Darkened too oft by wasted hours,)
That brings remembrance where, alas,
Rise piercing thorns, and withered flowers.

Oppressed with guilt and chilled with fear,
The erring spirit prostrate lies ;
Until repentance wakes the tear,
And hope bends smiling from the skies.

Learn then, my soul, no more to stray,
Mid error's dark, perplexing maze ;
But spend the remnant of life's day,
In holy deeds and grateful praise.

THE DEATHBED OF PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY, eldest son of Henry the Second, was seized with a fever at the Castle of Martel, and seeing the approach of death, was struck with remorse for his undutiful behaviour towards his father. He sent a message to the King, who was not far distant, expressed his contrition for his faults, and entreated the favour of a visit, that he might at least die with the satisfaction of having obtained his forgiveness. Henry, afraid of entrusting himself in his son's hands, only sent him his pardon, his blessing, and a ring of gold, as a well known token to assure him of both.

SILENT and mournfully they sat, with quick and half-drawn
breath,
And leaned, with anxious vigils worn, around that bed of
death,
Where lay in restless, fevered sleep, a young yet care-worn
form,
That tossed in mental agony, like torrent 'neath the storm.

The floating curtain's crimson glow illumed that manly
cheek,
With such a rich and varying flush, as seemed of health to
speak ;
And nature shed upon the spot a light so bright and gay,
Who did not check the chilling thought, that whispered of
decay ?

Yet chainless passions warfare waged within that wildered
brain,
And memories, intensely clear, advanced in phantom train;
Till starting up he gazed around, with wild and frenzied eye,
And muttered groans, deep, bitter, strong, bespoke his
agony.

They sought his haunted soul to calm, these few and faith-
ful friends,
And whispered kindly soothing words, such as affection
lends;
They showed each token, ah ! too late, his father's last be-
hest,
With wailings, powerful and long, he clasp'd them to his
breast.

And must I die, he cried aloud ; my father ! must I die,
Without one glance of pardoning love, to greet this yearn-
ing eye ?
One glance, like those so lightly prized, that blessed my
childhood's day,
When by thy parent side I moved, in wild and joyous play !

Oh ! tell me not of hours to come, in vain, alas ! in vain—
Life's flickering lamp will soon be spent, soon cleft the
shattered chain ;
Away ! away ! nor tempt me back to conquered foes and
field,
Ye dream,—death's fearful shaft is aimed, and I, without a
shield.

Ambition! glory! I have laid upon your worthless shrine,
Earth's fairest gems,—love, friendship, truth, that once
 were surely mine;
And oh! for years of ceaseless strife, speak, what hath been
 my gain?
Nought, nought, alas! but grief, *remorse*, the avenger's
 deadliest pain.

My mother! though thou hast misled, I would that I could
 lie
Upon thy breast, and hear thee breathe one prayer before
 I die:
I would that I could press thy cheek, ere life's quick sand
 is run,
And hear thee bless, but once again, thy sinful, erring son.

And father! brother!—oh! 'tis vain, ye heed not now my
 call;
Alas! e'en sadder than to part, to be forgot by all;
By those, that watched each dawning thought, with fond and
 anxious care,
Or knelt, at evening's holy hour, in long-forgotten prayer.

My gentle home! once more I'd tread each well remem-
 bered track,
I come again—hast *thou* one smile, to greet the wanderer
 back?
I haste,—yet mournful shadows rest on every hill and dell,
O God! what means it?—all is dim;—earth, parents,
 home,—farewell.

H y m n .

FOR THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

GIVER of strength ! oh ! smile on the mission,
That boldly and firmly would 'stablish thy laws ;
Lend to each effort, a happy fruition,
Bless with thy favour, the temperance cause.

E'en at this moment, the tempter is spreading
A withering pall o'er our glorious land ;
In armour of might, unchallenged he's treading,
The despot and victor, our patriot band.

Intellect sinks 'neath the dread battle slaughter ;
Truth's bulwarked heights own his mighty control ;
Sainted Religion, thy sorrowing daughter,
Pants 'mid the turmoil, for Heaven's safe goal.

God of the Nations ! oh, nerve us with power,
To crush the foul foe in his mighty career,
Armed by thy presence, in this holy hour,
We'll rush to the rescue, O Helper ! be near.

STANZAS.

OH ! not for me, oh ! not for me,
That monumental marble raise ;
I could not bear its wreck to see,—

The spot that tells of *her* decay,
Should wear nought deeper in its gloom,
Than nature's holiest array,
The tender leaf, the floweret's bloom.

And dreamy hum, and soothing tone
Of passing bee, or evening bird,
Might come with echo's plaintive moan,—
Nor should one other note be heard.

From crumbling stone, why need we seek
To call to mind the early loved
In hearts, that ne'er her worth could speak,
Nor her unfailing friendship proved ?

Enough ! enough ! that in one breast,
Remembrance rears a lasting shrine
Of thoughts that cannot sink to rest ;
A treasure-house, from love's deep mine.

There roots shall spring, and bud anew,
That heed nor blight, nor wintry chill :
Affection's tears shall fall like dew,
And hope's unclouded sunshine thrill.

The heart ! it is the only spot,
Where that dear name should e'er be traced ;
For oh ! 'twill never be forgot,
Till memory's self shall be effaced.

M E E T I N G .

THERE'S many an unseen spot 'mid the shades of human ill.
Where the sunbeam leapeth gladly, and roameth at his will ;
And 'neath the hoary forests, all safe from wintry glance,
To zephyr's softest music, a thousand flow'rets dance.

When the storm hath hushed his harp, who has not heard
a lay,
As sweet-toned, and as dreamy, as the notes that angels
play ?
And the winged and dark-robed clouds, those spirits of the
sky,
Oft bear the rainbow-signet of mercy from on high.

And this our pleasant meeting, like the beauty of a spell,
Dispensed a light so soothing, no earthly tongue can tell !
Mid joy's sere buds it blossomed, a precious, twinless one,
And from grief's cloudy twilight a thrilling radiance won.

Oh ! if our earthly partings such blessings have in store,
Who e'er would wish to wander from death's too-dreaded
shore ?
Dear friend ! we'll bless the summons, that parts this mor-
tal clod,
To meet with holy rapture, in the presence of our God.

H y m n

FOR A "YOUNG MEN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY."

THY gracious aid, O God ! impart,
This resolution to fulfil ;
Guide and direct each erring heart,
And teach it how to do thy will.

Sear from our souls each secret sin,—
Repress each worldly, selfish thought :
And may we strive the prize to win,
As our blest Lord and Saviour taught.

Oh ! may his precepts be our guide,
To lead us safe in paths of truth ;
And his example ever chide
The thoughtless follies of our youth.

THE CORNER STONE.

WOULD'ST thou seek, amidst this earth,
A firm and lasting corner stone,
All safe from storm and sudden dearth,
Where faith may rest her goodly throne ?
On Jesus thou may'st safely lie,
And build through all eternity.

And when oppressed with doubt and dread,
Through cloud and mist thy pathway lies ;

When darkness gathers round thy head,
And yearnings vain and sad arise,
To Jesus thou may'st turn thy gaze,
A column steeped in heaven's own rays.

Aye, farther still, if in the foam
Of life's wild waters thou art tost,
With nought to point the way to home,
Mid striving billows almost lost,
In Jesus is a magnet given—
A *Polar Star*, that guides to Heaven.

ETERNITY.

YOUTHFUL pilgrim, wherefore hasting
After joys that soon must flee?
How the lamp of life thou'rt wasting,
That must cheer eternity.

Wealth and grandeur, might and glory,
With all else beneath the sky,
Seemeth a forgotten story,
Told not in eternity.

Sayest thou, while health is beaming,
“Life is pleasant to mine eye?”
Ah! 'tis but a moment's dreaming,
Follow'd by eternity.

Boundless is the host of heaven,
Countless drops are in the sea,

Yet to each is limit given,
Measured by eternity.

Oh! how few the chain are breaking,
That doth bind the spirit free;
None can tell its weight, till waking
To a dread eternity.

THOUGHTS DURING THE CONFLAGRATION OF ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

THERE is a fearful stillness!—far away
From that sad spot, where desolation's hand
Is clothing, in its phantom-like array,
The eldest Temple of my Southern land—
I gaze, with heaving bosom, in this hour
When heart wakes heart, to own its Maker's power.
Death hovers o'er the landscape: the pale moon
Sheds on the earth a dim sepulchral light,
And only adds new horror to the night;
While stars that just before had made it noon,
Close their bright lids, as if to shun the sight,
Or seem with smoke and cloud at struggling fight.

Alas for thee, St. Philip's! Can I stand
And view thy parting glory? Now it burns
As if with molten gold some seraph hand
Had kindled up an altar, lit from urns
Of light intense; and now (how short its stay!)
The fabric streams and totters;—sick at heart,

With awe entranced, I turn myself away
And shudder at the thought, that we must part.

Memorial of my country ! sainted pile !
That rearedst thy golden summit to the day,
And wor'st on thy pure brow time's mellow smile,
With scarce enough to tell of sad decay :
Meet footstool for the Deity ! where oft
The deathless spirit hath unlinked its chain,
And springing on Devotion's wings aloft,
Would bid adieu to earthly joy and pain ;
Sweet resting-place on life's tempestuous shore,
That unto careless youth and grandsires hoar
Didst open wide thy portals, and hast won
Of sacrifice and prayer, a goodly store,
Breathing Religion's lessons o'er and o'er,
Thy beacon-light is quenched, thy course is run !

STANZAS.

Two years have passed away ; and can it be
So long since thou didst close that gentle eye,
And with a hope that told from sin how free,
Unlink each time-cemented, earthly tie
In peace to die ?

Two years ! and yet unto this stricken heart
It seemeth in its space as yesterday,
Since in thyself, dear sister, I did part
With love that earth, tho' vainly it essay,
Can ne'er repay.

Grief hath no record, but its course is told
By one unceasing gush of silent wo ;
And tho' perchance it yield to time's strong hold,
Yet in the soul's deep cell 'twill ever flow,
With murmurs low.

And love ! oh ! who to dull forgetfulness
Would change it, tho' its gift be only tears ?
Far better to awake its full excess
Than break the *chain*, the *talisman* of years,
That memory wears.

Far better ! for chill retrospection's eye
Is often kindled by a heavenward glance :
And, as the clouds that gather in the sky,
But lend the bow more vivid radiance,
Faith gilds the expanse.

'Tis thus we mourn thee ! as some mighty swell
Doth part two vessels to one haven bound,
So death has come between us ; *yet* to dwell
E'en as those pilgrims, that their home hath found
On holy ground.

Thou art not lost forever !—by this wealth
Of love for thee unspent, and by the flow
Of shadowy hopes that come as if by stealth,
And by thy parting smile, full well I know
It *must* be so.

A SKETCH.

THERE was a hush of silence!—the lone room
Was darkened to a soft and dreamy light ;
The morning beam looked in, yet seemed to shun
A spot so chill and noiseless ; the Spring gale
Breathed, as it poured its wealth of gathered sweets,
A low and thrilling music ; and the flowers
Fresh from Earth's sunny pastures, bloomed around
And shed a balmy fragrance o'er the scene.
The *dead* was there ! not in the sable pall
And stern and rigid aspect, that would haunt
In after days the *living*, but the *dead*
So altogether lovely, that it seemed
Clad in its spotless robes, as if just decked
To be the bride of Heaven. Time had traced
No line upon her brow, and Death stood by
With weak and nerveless arm, as if he feared
To mar a thing so perfect. There she lay—
She of the glossy locks and pale-rose cheek,
With lips half closed, and eyelids softly sealed,
Like one, who in some blissful vision hears
A strain of seraph music. On her breast
Her hands were meekly folded, while beneath
The heart lay still, as if it joyed to know
Its labors were all o'er.

A faltering step is heard ; and with his frame
Tottering 'neath weight of days, comes slowly on,
Leaning upon his staff, an aged man,*

* A slave. The circumstances are real.

Who counted more than fourscore years on earth.
Mysterious thoughts weigh on him ; and he moves
With wondering gaze, a trembling, awe-struck one,
Towards that fragile being. They had sought
By gestures strong and oft-repeated words,
To nerve him for the conflict ; yet in vain—
The silvery key is broken ; age hath cast
A mildew o'er his senses. There he stands
As if entranced. Towards the flowers he turns ;
And now strong sympathies are waking up
In his benighted bosom. He it was,
That long had reared and cherished them with care,
And hailed the gladdening sunbeam and the shower
That added to their beauty and their bloom.
And now he passes on with stealthy tread,
To gaze on that fair being, who was wont
To bid him always welcome ; and did look
So graceful and benign, when with meek smile
He tendered the young blossoms, deeming well
That they shone *brighter* in her fairy hand. •
He gazes on her with a vacant eye ;
Until at last the startling truth comes home
To his bewildered bosom ; then with brow
Knit to a fearful sternness, and his breast
Heaving and stirred with agony of thought,
He kneels in speechless wo, and seems to doubt
The hand that could have plucked a flower so bright
From Love's most cherished bower. Now 'tis past.
The fever-dream is gone !—he breathes again—
Each chilling doubt has vanished ; and a beam
Of Faith lights up the darkness of his soul.
He lifts his arms to Heaven, and kindling prayer
Lends a pure lustre to his ebon brow ;

Then humbly bows before *her*, as if moved
 To do the pale dust homage ; then with a look
 More eloquent than words, he turns away,
 And leaves the peaceful sleeper with her God.

TO TWILIGHT.

I WELCOME thee, soft Twilight ! once again
 I welcome thee ; with all thy mystic train
 Of precious recollections, that impart
 Unto this sorrow-worn and chastened heart
 Some buds of former joys that, sere and dry,
 Still yield a perfume that can never die.
Once, 'twas not thus I loved thee : Evening's light
 Upon my gladsome and unclouded sight
 Would cast a shade of sadness, waking thought
 That often came with chilling aspect fraught,
 Falling as mildew on each hope that lay,
 Like fresh sown seeds, just planted to decay.
 But now, from thee, sweet sabbath of the day,
 I catch that purer spirit that away
 From this world's noise and turmoil sets me free,
 And lends to boundless thought the magic key.

* * * * *

Season of light and shadow ! why depart ?
 Still weave thy mingled chain around this heart :
 The golden hours of day were aye too bright,
 And oh ! too deep the spell that broods o'er night.

CHOICE OF FLOWERS.

JULIA.

O MOTHER, 'twould be quite a shame
To hesitate a moment's space ;
Of every flower that lays a claim,
What can exceed the *Rose's* grace ?
For sure upon her mossy stem,
Fresh decked in gems of pearly dew,
She well may wear the diadem,
And all would own her title true.

ANNA.

O yes, I love the rose full well,
Whether in pink or crimson drest ;
But of another I can tell
That's fairer still than all the rest ;
The meek eyed *Violet*, that doth look
With timid glance towards the sky,
And seems the page in nature's book,
That breathes of perfect modesty.

GEORGE.

Hush, silly ones, who thus delight
In Flora's lowly, simple flowers ;
When in its crown of silver white,
The rich *Magnolia* proudly towers ;
And as the courtly zephyrs bow,
And in her ear their love-tales sing,

With queenly grace she bends her brow,
And sheds a perfume o'er each wing.

M O T H E R .

And yet among the brilliant train,
One precious plant is quite forgot,
A ministering balm to pain,—
A *stay* in Nature's darkest lot:—
The *Poppy*! Who hath ever grasped
Its mighty spell 'gainst sickness' rod,
And on each pulse its fetters clasped,
Nor blessed that talisman from God?

—

“F O L L O W M E .”

AND as Jesus passed forth from thence, he saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom; and he said unto him, Follow me, and he arose and followed him.—MATTHEW IX, 9.

WHAT hidden prompting in this sacred verse!
Our hearts would read its meaning, since each trace
Upon the page inspired should waken up
A full and deep response; for oh! what rich
And precious treasures of example bright,
Lie in its varied history; how each form
Of simple virtue and enduring faith
And boundless confidence, and seraph zeal
And love, though trembling, ever unsubdued
Come thronging back, and o'er our chasten'd minds
Spread a rich halo, from religion's orb.
Our hearts would read its meaning. With thy clear
And searching eye, O Saviour, thou didst look

Upon thy chosen witness, him that sat
At the receipt of custom ; with the dross
And nothingness of earth's poor, transient wealth
Filling his untaught soul, and darkening up
The God-like temple, where each purpose high
Of pure ambition, and untainted thought
Shone dim, inconstant, like some feeble lamp
In a chill prison-house : yes, thou didst look
With pitying glance on that unfurrowed soil,
And midst the waste and wilderness of mind
Didst mark a plant, so linked with thine own soul,
That years of patient labor were as nought,
Compared with the rich treasure, that seemed now,
Among the tangled weeds, and thorns, and sands,
A nameless atom ;—till the boundless love,
That o'er thy spirit like a garment hung,
Was stirred within thee ; and with brow serene,
And gentle aspect, and benignant smile,
Thou lookedst as on a brother, and in tones
Of tender cadence, mingled with high might,
Breath'dst out the welcome summons, *follow me !*
We too would list that summons : what though years
With despot power, and long protracted sway,
Would tempt us to deep slumber, nor trace out
Its distant tidings ; what though traitor-minds,
An empty, faithless, Heaven-defying band,
Would lure us from his teachings, and with weak,
Yet subtle reasoning, urge our hungry souls,
From a Redeemer's all substantial feast,
And bid the thirsting spirit drink its fill
From the cold sceptic's death-cup ; yet e'en now
Through buried ages, o'er the sand-based domes
Of man's unstable fabrics, comes a voice,

Beyond earth's hollow sounds, deep, clear, sublime,
And speaks in thrilling accents, *follow me!*—

He rose and followed him :—a holy gift
Was thine, thou blest disciple ! to unfold
Unto thy far descendants, the meek faith
And perfect trust, that prompted thy free soul
To leave the careless throng, and joyful go
Into thy Master's service : thou hast earned
And duly paid thy wages ;—blest thou wert,
And shalt be ; for thy meed *must* be,
Well done, thou faithful servant!—Even so,
O sacred Leader ! though the ceaseless cares,
And empty show, and glittering toys of earth,
Oft win our best affections, and the thrall
Of heartless follies weigh our spirits down,
Though grief may plant her harvest, and the thorns
Of keen ambition rankle in our breasts,—
We would not yield our birth-right, but still strong
In thy protecting arm, would humbly wait,
Till death shall seal thy summons,—then with joy,
Arise, and follow Thee!

THE BOY OF SCIO.

The incident is related in Victor Hugo's "Orientales."

Gloom hung o'er vine-clad Scio. Her bright isle
No longer wore to meet the sunbeam's smile
Its mantle of rich beauty, and the stream
That roved where groves of elm-trees lent their gleam,
Now caught no soft reflection from fair domes
Of pure and tinted marblé, once the homes

Of dark-eyed maidens, but destruction drear
Told that the Turkish spoiler lingered near.

And mid the blackened walls, and temples dead,
There sat a Grecian boy, with his young head
Bowed low in mute despair, and his blue eye
Gazing upon the landscape, far and nigh ;
While in his slender hand he closely prest
A hawthorn flower, as if his little breast
Did count it a companion, left by fate,
Like his own hapless self, all desolate.

'Twas sad to see that boy !—and as I met
His wild and hurried glance, where want had set
Her mournful seal, and marked the frequent gush
Of sudden tears that o'er his cheek would rush,
My spirit yearn'd to comfort, and with meek
And earnest tenderness I sought to speak
To his bewildered mind, and bade him tell
His secret sorrow, ere I breathed farewell.

But he was mute ! In vain I proffered food
And gold and garments :—with a gesture rude
He pointed to the herbage, scattered wide
Along the stream that murmured by his side,
Then listless turned away, nor ear would lend,
To words that asked of mother, sister, friend ;
But knit his youthful brow, and seemed once more
To view the sea-girt landscape o'er and o'er.

I would not urge him further ; wrapt in thought
I stood, while memory from past ages brought
Each scene of gone-by triumph : the brave host
Which made Thermopylæ their country's boast ;

With Marathon's white tombs, that proudly rose,
To mark the few that triumphed o'er their foes,—
Plataea and Mycalé, whose dread wrath
Stayed the fierce Persian in his mighty path.

All, all, from dim oblivion's realm were won;—
The godlike Plato, and that elder son,
Who sought their good, yet took the poisoned cup
His country filled, and boldly drank it up;
The noble Pericles, and Solon wise;
Demosthenes, who aimed to break the ties
That Phocion urged, and Aristides, he
Whose name, "The Just," must sacred ever be.

All came and went; the hero and the sage;—
Each sect and founder passed from memory's page;
All went:—and when I turned with kindled thought
To seek the lasting birthright they had bought,
And saw but wasted fields, and fallen fanes,
And forms that seemed to say, "a tyrant reigns,"
I loathed the stagnant calm of conquered peace,
And from my lips burst forth, "Alas! poor Greece."

It was enough:—with eye that flashed with light,
And quivering lip, and cheek with crimson bright,
The boy rushed to my side, and wildly cast
His wasted arms around me, till, at last,
His slight form quite dilated with th' excess
Of wrongs that woke his spirit's bitterness.
These thrilling words his burdened bosom freed,
"Give me but balls and steel, 'tis all I need."

TO ONE WHO HAD "NOTHING TO LOVE."

Nothing to love?—Oh! spurn the chilling thought,
That He, who made a world so bright and fair,
And with such perfect goodness all things wrought,
Would frame one being that could boast not *there*
Of love a share.

Go, look around; from every form and face,
The child-like or the worldly, sad or gay,
Deformed or beauteous, canst thou there not trace
In one, some glance of sympathy, some ray
To charm life's way?

Mayst thou not stamp upon some yielding breast
The seal of deathless friendship?—change to weal
What woe betides? or like some angel-guest,
Into hope's darkened chambers, softly steal
With balm to heal?

Thou answerest not!—Ah! if thy heart is dead
To social feeling; if the depths of love
Are still unfathomed by the weighty lead
Of brotherhood, what is there that may move
Around, above?

Can Nature charm thee? dost thou love to read
Her page of boundless beauty, and hath she
A spell to soothe thee in thy hour of need?
If so, thou still art blest, earth cannot be
Quite lone to thee.

For then thou hast companions ;—the blue skies,
The earth's green pastures and the streamlet fleet,
Each weed and blossom, every bird that flies,
Doth hold thee fellowship ;—say dost thou meet
Nought *there* to greet ?

I pity thee !—With all thy boasted store
Of worldly wisdom, that thou canst not move
Thy soul to study some such precious lore
As *his* to whom a smile, a sunbeam prove
Something to love.

THE FAMILY-PARTING—A FRAGMENT.

SURE this is hallowed ground ! 'Twas thus I thought
When a few weeks ago I entered in
A dear, familiar dwelling, yet once more
To give the parting kiss, and drink the cup
Of full reality, that I had spurned
So long with wayward mind ; and *think* again
What my convulsive accents could not *speak*,
The bitter farewell to some cherished friends
Loved from my early youth, now doomed to leave
The voices of their home, the Sabbath bells,
And more than all, the peopled burial-place,
Which they had hoped to share inviolate
With their own slumberers ; yet urged by might
Of high emprise to bear their home-stead ark
To the strange mazes of the boundless West,
Where summer spreads a banquet of free gifts,

And Autumn's coronal, bright decked with gems,
Bears riches and prosperity untold.

It was a brilliant morn : but as I sat
Amid that weeping group, methought that earth
Seemed altogether dark, and e'en the Sun
That looked in the broad windows, wore a veil
Of deep, sad meaning o'er his dazzling gaze.
It was the *heart's eclipse*. I know it now !
We sat in silence ! Not a sound was heard,
Save the quick, stifled sob, that frequent burst
From full and bleeding hearts, that vainly strove
To do the spirit's bidding ; and the slow
And mournful tread of those, the lowly poor,
The tempest-tost of earth ! that seldom gain
Aught, save a thorny garment of keen scorn,
From the proud mansions of the pampered rich
To wrap their heart's core ; yet who long had set
Love's signet on this dwelling, and rejoiced
To turn uncrouching to its open gate,
Where smiling charity, a porter, stood
Constant yet never wearied. *One* there was,
An aged African, who still had drank
Through a wide space of years from the full stream
Of their unfathom'd goodness. Now she came
From her impoverished home, clad in the garb
Sent latest from their stores : her furrowed cheek
Blanching almost to paleness as she moved
Around the friendly circle : her thin frame
Bowing in heart-taught homage, as she clasped
Each hand unto her lips, while not a tear
Escaped to tell the strong and scathing pangs
That pierced her secret soul : until at last,
When all had bid farewell, the happy babe

Just waked from slumber, stretched its little arms,
And smiled in recognition. Quick as thought
She snatched the struggling infant to her breast,
And kissed it o'er and o'er : restored it safe
Unto its mother's care, then starting back
With arms ontstretched and ebon brow upraised,
She called in broken accents blent with shrieks
Of supplication, on her God and theirs,
To bless and keep them !—'Twas a solemn scene
I never can forget ; and ere the sound
Of her departing footsteps had gone by,
The warning clock struck *nine*, the dreaded hour,
That told that all was ready—save their hearts.—

There was a thrilling pause ! and to the midst
Of the yet lingering band, there meekly moved
A Shepherd of the household. Low he bowed
In strong emotion, till a gathered strength
Came to his heaving frame, and looking round
Upon each tear-clad face, he breathed in tones
Of most unmeasured sweetness, yet suppressed,
E'en to a soft clear whisper, "*Let us pray.*"
Quickly they caught the summons. Every knee
Bowed as with sudden impulse, and each heart
Nerved its half-broken valve, and sought to draw
A cordial from the fountain. Youthful forms
Clasped one another fondly, in unmarked
Yet graceful attitudes : while hoary age
Heedless of its frail tenement, sought too
To bend the stiffened limb, and laid her soul,
Low with her body at the foot of God.
E'en infancy was there ! The sunny eyes
That scarce two springs had darkened, laughing sought
Its playmate sister's who in travelling garb,

Wearied with waiting from the early dawn,
 Now came, her tiny hand filled with the flowers
 Culled from their garden walks, and knelt beside
 Her weeping mother, with her quivering lips
 Yearning to know the secret of her woe.

That prayer was heard in heaven ! Love bore it there,
 Love spiritual and holy, such as hath
 Religion for its anchor : and though tears
 Gushed e'en as rain-drops, and a wailing sound
 Told that fresh springs were opened, yet as he,
 That man of God, spoke of re-union sure,
 Free from all parting, and with fervent strength
 Prayed that one fold might keep them, and one Sun
 Guide and direct their footsteps, soon there burst
 Through the dissolving haze of grief profound,
 Hope's ever-bending rainbow ; and they owned
 The mystic joy of sorrow, and rejoiced
 In the cool freshness that had fallen like dew
 From prayer's o'erspreading pinions.

MIDNIGHT—DECEMBER 31.

It is a solemn hour !—Creation sleeps
 In death-like slumber 'neath the mantle fold
 That night hath thrown around her, and no note
 Disturbs the dream of Nature, save at times
 The rude wind-spirit's chariot as it sweeps
 Through the star-bannered fields of ether blue—
 Silence is all around ! Silence so deep,
 That one might think this Earth a picture-world,
 A shadowing out of some celestial sphere,

By an unrivalled hand, where all is full
And perfect loveliness, and nought remains
Save but the master-touch to waken *life*.

Yet hark ! that distant sound. Methought it seemed
The knell of parting Time, as on his swift
Yet noiseless wing he moved unwearied by
To bear of human deeds the open scroll,
Up to that presence-chamber, where no act,
Or careless word, or fragment of a thought,
Is passed unchronicled, but all is marked
By the recording Angel's lightning-pen,
As with a sunbeam in the Book of Life.

The midnight clock strikes twelve :—It breaks the spell
That weighed upon my senses ; yet e'en now,
Phantoms of thought crowd fast within my brain,
And deep reflection waves her thrilling wand
And in sad cadence bids me search the web
Of the past year, and see if conscience true,
Can find some golden thread or tissue fair
Throughout its varied texture. — — —
Alas ! I may not scan the sullied page
That memory spreads before me : 'tis too like
A waste and desert land, where each green spot
Makes desolation clearer, or yet else
Like to some fragile bark, that wildly tossed
Amid a stormy sea, at distance seems
Nought, save a noteless atom.—'Twas a vain
And idle dream to build the boasted pile
Of past determination, on a base
So frail as Earth's poor strength ; 'twere better far
To lay it with an offering fit, of tears

And prayer and supplication, on that Rock,
That heeds not passion's waves nor mortal blasts,
The Rock of Ages!—Yet I bless thee too,
Departed year! for thou hast planted deep
Within my chastened soul, a precious germ
Of holy purpose; a small mustard-seed
Of humble resolution, that may grow,
If nursed by constant care and pure desire,
To an unfading plant.—

Thou! that dost sit,
Wrapt in thy floating garments of dense cloud
And solemn grandeur, on the boundless height
Of Heaven's majestic summit, at whose base
Rolls ever onward with increasing force,
Eternity's strong current: Thou! whose name
Is Love, and dwell'st in love, O Father! grant
That through the coming year I may not move
As thro' a mazy labyrinth, formed of paths
For ever vacillating; but may urge
With steady footsteps all my future course,
Towards that narrow way, whose vista shows
The *crystal gate of Heaven!*

THE BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.

A VOICE from the South tells a sad, mournful story,
Of ruin, and carnage, and war's dread alarms,
And the Angel of Freedom moves by in her glory,
And summons Columbia's proud patriots to arms!—

Not in vain does she call, for the pure flame is gushing
Like the sun when it breaks through the morning's soft
tears,
And the light of true courage is joyously flushing
The unclouded brows of the brave Volunteers.

Think not that they part, without feelings of sorrow,
From friends that are nearest and dearest on earth,
Oh! no, but they trust from the future to borrow
Some meed of high valour to double their worth :—
Each bright, sunny spot of their childhood seems pleasant,
And warmer than ever its hearth-stone appears,
But affection itself cannot weaken at present
The chivalrous truth of the brave Volunteers.

Each father looks proud, and each mother surrenders
With kisses and blessings the son that she bore,
While with quick kindling ardour each fond sister tenders
The well-burnished weapon, then struggles once more,
To hide the foul traitors of grief that *will* gather,
And hush in her bosom its torturing fears,
For *who* indeed would not a thousand times rather
Give *all*, than dishonor the brave Volunteers?

For their country they strike! and a fair constellation
Of beauty looks on as they mount the sea-car,
While there comes, like the cry of a union-bound nation,
From the land of their sires, a long parting *hurrah!*
They go, but amid that wild shout of commotion
That like music unrivalled bursts full on their ears,
What heart doth not add in the voice of devotion,
“God prosper the cause of our brave Volunteers!”

CORREGGIO'S HOLY FAMILY.

(Composed after visiting Mr. Cooke's Gallery.)

PICTURE! why is it that I love thee so?
The morning sunbeam pours a softened gleam
Upon Art's proudest trophies, till they glow
Like bedded jewels, and I almost deem
Myself a lifeless painting, as I stand
Revelling in mental ecstasy mid forms
That grow in loveliness on either hand.—
With varying thrill my inmost spirit warms
Beneath the pencil's magic; and I feel
A breathing influence round as if I caught
Yon angel's fluttering pinions, or would steal,
With fancies most imaginative fraught,
To wake the shepherd-sleeper where he lies
Unconscious of that glory in the skies,
That brings good news to man. All gorgeous rays
Roll like a flood around me. Stately fanes
Mellowed by moonlight; mountains wrapt in haze;
Clouds sailing in their freedom; sunny plains
Burdened with flower-scents; and strands of light
Woven mid dusky foliage, all combined
To aid the bright creations of the mind,
Fade like a fairy vision from my sight,
When once again I turn with growing joy
To gaze on thee, sweet picture!—Sure 'tis not
The mother's perfect beauty, or the boy
That wins my fancy thus, although the spot
Seems hallowed by them, and 'tis not the look
Of the young twining sister, which I deem
Speaks plainer than the language of a book,

Excess of tenderness; nor yet the gleam
Of eyes in that transparent darkness seen,
That holds me spell-bound, for they form but *one* '—
Mid a full group of models, where each mien
And posture and expression, can find none
To dim by contrast: say! what is it then
That moves me thus as from a holy shrine
To go, and yet return to gaze again
With fresh delight, that yields not to decline
Or mental weariness? Oh! it *must* be
A *spirit* dwelling in thee, that doth move
Affection's secret fountains, and makes me
Live, Picture! in thine atmosphere of love.

THE WINTER'S-EVENING FIRE SIDE.

THE evening fire burns bright; man's light is gone;
And from their easy tasks, yet needful still,
Hurry the household dwellers, glad to yield
The ready greeting to those faithful ones,
Who through the live-long day have cheerful trod
The marts of noisy commerce, forced to curb
Mid uncongenial toils and wasting cares
Their social feelings; yet who look with joy
Unto the dear home circle, ever sure
To nerve their weary frames, and pour the balm
Of soft persuasion's language o'er their minds,
If probed with words misconstrued.

All is bright

And full of cheerfulness. The carpet gay,

The cushioned sofa, and the mantel-piece
Decked in unfading green, with here and there
Some lone descendants from the season past,
Of strong and hardy flowers; the casement clean,
Colored with borrowed light, that shines afar,
(Unchecked by selfish and unseemly bolts,)
A beacon, ever welcome to the chilled
Yet unrepining rovers, that scarce mark
The dull and low'ring skies, but urge with speed
Their ringing footsteps o'er the wintry sod,
Cheered by its gladdening beams; and more than *all*,
The group of smiling faces, save perhaps
The anxious mother, who doth often ask
Of the inclement winds, and with fond care,
Prepares the grateful cordial, or yet warms
The worsted slipper, while her lifted eyes
Count the slow dial in its lengthened course.—
But now quick steps are heard; the ready latch
Admits each shivering guest, and soon a laugh,
Prolonged and full of meaning, tells the tale
Of icy fingers on the glowing cheek
Of some young sister; while the pocket's store
Of unexpected sweets or golden fruits,
Heals the transgression, ere a murmuring tone
Of discontent can come.

The hearth is filled,
The social meal partook; the news exchanged;
Huge logs piled on afresh; and quiet sits
The happy mother, in her 'customed place,
Her fair, unfrowning brow yet young with love,
Her soft eyes moistened, as she lends an ear
Unto her children's converse; nor yet mars

Their scarce beseeeming mirth, when in low tones,
Tuned to her mind's full store, she tells some tale
False, or yet true perhaps of gone-by days,
While crowding nearer, her pleased listeners ask
Yet for *another*——

Not in idlesse spent,
Is the long evening.—Industry hath place,—
And knowledge finds a welcome.—The soft rays
Beaming from astral fount, pour floods of light
Upon the needle's passage, or illume
The lofty brow of the indulgent sire,
Who takes with ready hand the proffered book,
And in clear cadence, blent with feeling strong,
Unfolds some touching theme, or oftener still,
Seeks out the page fitting his humor gay,
Where keen and harmless wit pours her full shafts
Upon her willing victims; nor yet checks
The little student, doomed in some recess
To scan the mystic lore of other days,
Who, perfect in his lesson, (as he trusts
With many a wayward doubt,) fills yet again
The empty place, low at his father's feet,
And driving sad *to-morrow* far away,
Echoes the circling laugh, yet meantime pleads
To have the jest repeated.—Thus in pure
And peaceful joys speeds the unheeded course
Of winter's eve; but when the distant bell
Tells in its last slow chime, the hour of rest,
Their work is laid aside; their mirth forgot,—
Or if remembered, it but lends a weight
Of deeper gratitude to the light hearts,
That bow in close companionship, and lay

Their willing offerings on the shrine of heaven,
Asking in fervent prayer for light divine,
To guide their homestead Ark, and bear it safe,
Through Earth's perturbed waters, till at last,
It finds a resting-place from danger free,
In an immortal haven.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, sister, thou art turning
From the home of childhood's day,
And the love within me burning,
Breathes a blessing on thy way.

Farewell, sister, oh! what pleasure
'Twas thy welcome once to meet,
Life was then one happy measure,
Wherefore were its joys so fleet?

Farewell, sister, yet more tender
Was thy heart in sorrow's hour.
How can I that love surrender?
Doubly felt would be its power.

Farewell, sister, though new faces
Round my future path may shine,
None can fill the vacant places,
Left, alas! by *thee* and *thine*.

Yet, dear sister, not for ever,
Are these words of parting given,
Time nor death itself can sever
Hearts that strive to meet in heaven.

THE BABE'S FIRST LAUGH.

A GROUP of happy children ! Let me sketch
The outline ere it goes. In future years,
When thoughts of youth and love shall grow to be
Unto my wasted heart like precious gems,
Hoarded in memory's cell, perchance this scene
May color up some half remembered dream,
Of loved ones long departed, and spread round
The temple, ruined by all human change,
A flush of summer joy.

Mark well *her* face,
The fairest and the brightest there, I ween,
Would we but take expression, for mere form
And comeliness of feature ; her clear eye
Growing yet clearer, like an astral lamp
But newly fed, as from her restless hand,
She drops the endless needle-work, and tells
In speech, that comes not scantily, of the dear
And absent brother, that awhile doth roam
From the united band. Close by her side,
Her little fingers folded on her heart,
Her ear inclined, as if some whispered spell
Had laid its wand mysteriously upon
Her inmost fount of feeling, gently stands
A younger sister. How awakened thought

Hangs, like a halo, round her ! kindling up
The fair cheek e'en to crimson ; while her brow
Has caught a high expression, that at times
Lends such a lustre to the drooping lid,
'Twere a foul deed, e'en by a single word,
To try her wrought up spirit. Contrast strong
There is, as in a picture's light and shade,
'Twixt *her* and the bright boy that yonder stoops,
Trembling amid his courage, as he binds
The whining kitten's neck, with slender cord,
Shouting aloud in his untrammelled glee,
As, for a time, the playful victim yields
Unto his guiding arm, then with a bound,
Leaps upon either side, and bursts anew
The fragile link that held it.—Noble boy !
I never look upon the joyousness
That wraps thee, like a sunbeam, but there springs
Amid bright fancy's flowers, some thorns of care,
Some restless and disturbing consciousness,
Of what may yet befall thee.—But for *him*,
The fawn-like child, that kneels with clustering hair,
Of silken texture, parted on his brow,
Low at his mother's knee, all *must* be well !
Over the perfect lustre of his soul,
Each stain of earth shall pass, as a soft breath
Wiped from the crystal pane, making it seem
Yet clearer than before. See ! how love's links
Are strengthening round him, while his little hand
Roams, full of tenderness and new delight,
Along the dreaming infant's snowy neck.
'Tis touching to behold the earnest glance
Of his beseeching eye, that seems to say,
In answer to his mother's chiding tone,

“For worlds I would not harm it.”—Yet it starts!
The boy hath waked it. Sleep’s thin veil is rent!
But hush, what sound is that?—*The babe’s first laugh.*
Again ’tis echoed!—Mothers! ye do know,
Ye only,—all the deep, electric bliss,
That comes with that fresh note,—*the babe’s first laugh.*
Others may own its magic: *all* do love
To watch the bud’s unfolding, but the *stem*,
The *root* that bore it, *that must* thrill the most
Beneath each growing change. That moment, when
Her infant’s laugh first greets the mother’s ear,
Is a whole life in feeling;—a full drop
Of sweets concentrated.——

Blest Infancy!

That from thy precious store of hidden wealth,
Canst lavish gifts as boundless, when compared
To the world’s hollow pleasures, as a beam
Is to the moat that flits along its path.
—The sketch is shadowed out. Yet to the group,
I cannot say “farewell,” without one deep
And fervent prayer. My God! I ask but *this*,—
That when the sunshine of their world shall fade,
Beneath life’s gathering cares, and rain-bow youth
Shall change her glittering robes, for the dull garb
That time *will* press upon her, then may each
Wear in the deep recesses of the soul
A precious talisman, to waken up
Thoughts, stainless as that bright dream that gave birth
Unto *the babe’s first laugh.*

HYMN—JESUS.

TELL me not of worldly treasures,
Jesus is the precious one ;
Tell me not of other pleasures,
Save with Jesus, there is none.

Speak not now of scenes of splendor,
Since his face not there I see ;
Though all earth its joys should tender,
Jesus! thou art all to me.

As the honey clear and sparkling,
Lends the weary strength again,
So in days of sorrow darkling
Does thy love soothe every pain.

Oh! be nigh in health's long hour,
Or when sickness wakes the sigh;
Saviour, shield from death's dread power,
Guide—through all eternity.



HUMAN JOYS.

OH! say not that this world is bright,
And full of joy and gladness,
The fairest tint must yield to night,
The gayest smile to sadness.

And think not that this transient earth
All needful bliss encloses,
For even in the hour of birth
'Twill fade—like summer roses.

Just as the bud that for awhile
By morning dew is cherished,
But courting the wide sunbeam's smile,
Its jewelry finds perished.

So too, the heart unfolds its prize
Of love, undimmed and real,
And gains for its self-sacrifice,
A moment's bliss, ideal.

Then say not, in life's fragile bark,
There's quite enough of pleasure,
For memory need but turn, to mark
A heap of wasted treasure.

THE BURIAL OF DADE AND HIS COMRADES.

THE morning sun shone clear
O'er Florida's domains,
And bright beams paved its forest aisles
With their rich, mosaic stains.

Yet all was strangely still,
As if Silence there did brood,
Save when the wind thro' the pine boughs swelled
Like the sighs of a multitude.

But hark to that distant sound !—
And now from her vaulted hall,
Loud echo started from repose,
Her thousand nymphs to call.

They came, and the misty depths
Rung with their endless strain,
Telling, as if indignantly,
Of wrong 'mid her ancient fane.

And soon, through the rustling woods,
A trampling host passed on,
While the harsh note of the drum was heard,
And the loud, shrill clarion.

They moved with a hurrying step,
Through the forest's deathless green,
But thought, like a signet, stamped each brow,
And each face wore a fitful mien.

Not a whisper rose on the air,
From that long and marshalled line ;
But they passed like a spectral host along,
By each dark, ancestral pine.

And soon through the dim arcade,
They filed to an open scene,
Where the chartered sunbeams roamed at will,
With no forest-cloud between.

But what sight of curdling awe,
Burst on those steel-clad men ?

Each warrior gazed on his brother's face,
And his brother gazed again !

They had stood where the storm and fight
Might have quailed the loftiest soul ;
While their stout hearts sprung like a wingéd bird,
Above terror's base control.

They had prest through eusanguined floods,
Where their life-blood mingled too,
And fearless dared the embattled front
Of a host, all brave and true.

But now like some sudden blast,
That sweeps a reedy dell,
Making it bow its fragile head,
As if weighed beneath a spell—

Quick o'er each chieftain's frame,
There past a shivering breath,
While they stood all mournfully around
That carnage field of death.

'Twas a thickly-peopled spot,
For the spoiler had been there,
And the mingled heap of the noble slain,
Told that 'twas victory dear.

Some lay with the shivered sword,
Prest firmly in their grasp ;
And some slept calm and tranquilly,
As in slumber's gentle clasp.

The foe-man's reckless hand
Had defiled the mangled slain ;
And the mother might have sought her son,
Yet sought, alas ! in vain.

But the pause was broken soon,
When with full and mournful eye,
The leader spake to his armed train,
With many a faltering sigh :—

“ Lift ye the dead, and bear
“ Them proudly to the tomb,
“ For a martyr-band to the land they proved,
“ And they bravely met their doom.”

Then a gush of tears burst forth,
As in fitting war array
They wrapt each form, and laid it safe,
Within one house of clay.

They beat the muffled dirge
O'er the sepulchral mound,
And woke the volleying musket's roar,
On that death-peopled ground ;

While the blue skies hung above,
Like a curtain o'er their sleep,
And the wavy pines and the moaning breeze,
Breathed out a requiem deep.

The solemn rite was done ;
And with banners all at play,

Those living brethren of the sword
Soon onward moved away.

But shall that fallen band
Pass from the eye of mind,
As a sunbeam o'er the prairie grass,
Leaving no trace behind ?

Must that fearless host arrayed
In all their bright renown,
Upon oblivion's sweeping stream,
Like wasted leaves go down ?

And shall nought save Southern flowers,
Rise o'er their noteless grave ?
Nor coming ages mark the spot,
Where sleep the noble brave ?

Not so ! *none* die in vain,
In freedom's chosen place ;
Each drop that's spilt upon its hearth,
Must leave a deathless trace.

War ! war ! oh ! what a sum
Is paid unto thy shrine ;
Life—happiness—nor these alone—
Too oft the soul is thine.

Yet *here* thou didst not reap
Thy seven-fold harvest—No !
'Twas in self-defence thy hand was raised,
And we felt it must be so.

Shall Thessalia longer boast
Its lone Thermopylæ,
And no white tombs, save Marathon's,
Tell of the brave and free ?

If e'er a soil was marked
By the foot of valour high,
It was that threshold floor of death,
Where those nameless heroes lie.

There let a column rise,
Pointing to heaven's proud arch,
That shall speak their story of renown,
Till time shall end his march.

HYMN.

(From the German.)

RETURN unto thy rest, my soul,
Nor strive amid grief's stormy flood,
But like the magnet to the pole,
That heeds not mortal man's control,
Turn to thy Father and thy God.

Oh! be at rest ; for as the cloud,
That vanishes at break of day,
Or as the early buds, that crowd
Where autumn leaves breathed murmurs loud,
So joy will spring, grief fade away.

All is not lost : the darkest night
Wears on its brow some silver star,
And though to man's o'ershadowed sight,
There shines no ray of precious light,
Yet mercy's sunbeam is not far.

All shall be well : then why repine,
When we are yet so richly blest ?
The tasteless draught may turn to wine ;
And if but faith and hope combine,
The latest hour may be the best.

TO MY MOTHER.

FAREWELL to thee, my mother ! for a while
I leave that spot, the dearest far on earth,
Where long I basked beneath thy loving smile,
And, yet untravelled, seek another hearth.

Farewell to thee ; what though a friendly throng
Of kindred ones move ever by my side,
And strangers greet me with warm words, that long
Within my inmost spirit must abide ;

Yet doth my heart's deep love, embracing all,
Kindle its fullest energies from *one*,
As light, that while it far and wide doth fall,
Borrows its radiance from a distant sun.

Thou art that sun to me, oh ! mother dear !

Nor doth my young heart feel its influence less
Than when in childhood's bright, tho' brief career,
I lived but on thy priceless tenderness.

Companionship I sought not ; for the spot
That owned thy presence was enough for me ;
I envied none, but knew no happier lot,
Than thro' the live-long day, to sit by thee :

Seeking within the book's familiar place,
Some simple ballad for thy listening ear ;
Or striving, with the pencil's aid, to trace
Thine image, till *I* deemed the semblance clear.

And when thro' childhood's low and narrow gate
I passed, and looked on life's continued swell,
Methought that o'er my future's untold fate,
Thy love, like net-work, hung to guard it well !

Few were the thorns I met with : for thy hand
Hath spared me, mother ! all that it could spare,
And thine affection, like an angel's wand,
Gilded life's needful clouds with borders fair.

If sickness weighed upon me, 'twas thy tone
Refreshed my heart as dew the thirsty flowers ;
And when for a short period thou hadst gone,
The passing moments seemed almost like hours.

And oh ! yet more, when changes sad had come,
And spread a shadow o'er our household band,

When some had been by death removed, and some
Had parted from us for a distant land :

Then in that sweeping off of all things dear,
I sank not 'neath the stern decrees of fate,
But blest with thee, soon dried each gushing tear,
And felt that I was not quite desolate.

And art thou not still dearer every hour ?
Believe me, mother ! never did I prize
One half so much thy strong affection's power,
As *now*, when distance wide between us lies.

Thou art my thought by day, my dream by night,
I love the tones and faces *most* like thine,
And turn with ever-growing, new delight,
To memory's picture-world, so wholly mine.

But when the future tempts me, how I shrink,
To feel that I *thy* mortal strife may see ;
Too bitter is that cup for me to drink,
Whene'er thou diest, I would die with thee !

And yet, God's will be done ! the wish was wrong ;
Only this much thy child would humbly pray,
That life to thee may still be granted long,
And I be with thee to its latest day.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

“ The tree of life stood in the midst of the garden.”

AND is that tree now standing ? Doth it wave
Its mighty branches of centurial years,
And lift in high supremacy its head,
As when in ages back it proudly rose
Amid the hush of Eden ? Doth it bear
Within the outspread branches of its leaves,
That seraph-bread, that whosoe'er did eat,
Might live, when e'en old furrowed Time himself
Should wear on his full brow a frosty crown ?
It *lives* !—how could it *die* ?—the tree of life ?
Yet what is it to us, poor feeble men,
If at its base, clad in the armor wrought
And tempered by the spirit, there are seen
(Like sleepless watchers o'er a priceless shrine,)
The heaven-born cherubim, with flaming swords,
Pointing, like God's own sceptre, every way ?
Say, what is it to us ? To stand as stood
The desert tribes of old, and view afar,
With thirst insatiate and wild desire,
The renovating fruit, and almost catch
The blessed breezes as they gently stir
Its yielding leaves, yet conscious that to us,
The fevered ones—the altogether-sick
Of earth's impoverished food—it may not yield
Its golden feast and still refreshing shade.

But oh ! it is not thus : from Eden's bound
That tree hath been transplanted : God's own hand
Hath broken down the strong partition wall,

And sheathed the burning sword : and now it stands
The monarch of a world's free-chartered soil,
The chief among ten thousand !

Dost thou yearn
To share the tempting banquet ? Then gird truth,
The strengthener, around thee ; and put on
The breast-plate of pure righteousness, and take
The shield of faith within thine eager grasp,
And press through earth's wide garden, till at last,
Tempted by no foul sin, but urged alone
By hope immortal, thou shalt surely win
The meed of life eternal.

Dost thou ask
The fitting path unto the living prize ?
Christ is that tree of life ! His gospel marks
No narrow-sected road, for every where
Its ripe seeds have been wafted, and its shade
Shelters alike the evil and the good.
Then linger not ! but cleanse thy drooping soul
From the foul, sullyng dust of this mean earth,
And shake off passion's fetters, and with nought
Within thy breast save the pure signet-ring
Of meek humility, press boldly on,
And thou shalt find that 'neath that saving tree,
Mercy and Justice have met hand in hand !

THE WORLD.

(From the German.)

THE world ! why should we prize its joys,
Or seek to hoard its fragile toys ?
When, like the mist at break of day,
They're scarcely seen, ere past away.

How worthless is the glittering throne,
Where monarchs sit in greatness lone,
With sceptre, empire and command !
Since all must yield to death's strong hand.

And beauty, too, though bright and warm,
As ever clothed an angel's form,
Soon hastens onward to the tomb,
As summer flowers decay in bloom.

Why should we treasure golden hair,
With eyes like ether's crystal, fair ;
Or lips, that mock the coral's dye ?
Since all within the grave must lie.

And purple pomp and cloth of gold,
Bedecked with gems at every fold,
How lightly should we prize their worth,
The gifts of worms, the gifts of earth.

Cease, tempting world, then cease thy reign,
Since with thee dwells no solid gain ;
The harvest that from thee we reap,
Is like the feast spread forth in sleep.

Farewell ! delusive as thou art,
Too long hast thou possessed this heart,
But now, eternity draws near,
And notes celestial greet mine ear.

WHY DO WE FEAR TO DIE?

WHY do we fear to die ?
And tremble at the thought
Of closing the dim eye,
Upon a world of nought ?
Why, when each cherished joy
And flattering dream is o'er,
Do we still grasp the toy,
And fondly ask for more ?

Is it the quiet rest,
And stillness of the tomb,
That thus disturbs the breast,
And fills the soul with gloom ?
Oh ! no, it cannot be,
Parent of dreamless sleep !
Why should we turn from thee,
Nor court thy slumber deep ?

Do we not hail the hour,
When, veiled in sober dress,
Night glides to overpower
The spirit's weariness ?

So with thy ebon wand
Thou drivest light afar,
Till, bursting thy chill bond,
Shines out the morning star.

It cannot be the pall,
The coffin or the shroud,
That spreadeth over all
This dark and heavy cloud,
For though the *living* well
May turn away with dread,
Yet pall and funeral knell,
Can ne'er disturb the dead.

Is it the fearful strife,
The anguish and the pain,
That comes with parting life,
And freezes every vein !
Not so, corporeal sense
Far keener pangs hath proved,
Than those that call us hence,
Yet bore them all, unmoved.

Perchance it is the spot,
That wakes such needless fear,
And makes us shun the plot,
That marks our brief career ;
Yet bud and flower shine bright,
By rain 'tis ne'er forgot,
And sunbeam lends its light ;
It cannot be the spot.

Then what is it to die ?

’Tis but to launch the bark,
Freighted with life’s last sigh,
Into an ocean dark ;
’Tis but to break the chains,
And set the prisoner free,
Till upward borne, he gains
An immortality.

And what though waters roll,
With surges wild between,
And ere it reach the goal,
The soul may wearied lean ?
Yet by each wave that flows,
An onward course is given,
And every breeze that blows,
Shall waft us nearer Heaven.

“MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.”

COME, take the proffered gift,
And own its blest control,
Ye, who have sought it, far and wide,
In weariness of soul.

Come, take it, Jesus makes
No difference in his love,
But will to high and low, alike,
His precious promise prove.

Sinner ! thou must not pine
Like captive in his cell,
Peace is the watchword that will break
Guilt's strong and iron spell.

Mourner ! why linger thus,
In loneliness and gloom ?
Jesus has thrown a golden link,
To lead thee from the tomb.

Worldling ! a bitter draught
Thy thirsting soul drinks in ;
Take but the cup of peace, and find
A pearl of price within.

Christian ! thy path is lit
With sunshine, clear and bright ;
But passing tempests often flit
Across the eye of light.

Then take this cheering lamp,
And place it in thy breast ;
Its spirit-oil will never fail,
To guide thee to thy rest.

Yes ! while the Saviour lives,
The gift knows no decrease ;
Millions have claimed, and still may claim,
This legacy of peace.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I stood where crowds were gathered. 'Twas an eve
Of pleasant autumn, when the sky did wear
No veil upon her face, and every star
That decked her azure hall, shone bright and clear,
As if they too had lit their golden lamps,
To add fresh radiance to the scene below,—
The dance had ceased awhile, and to the harp
They led a graceful girl, who moved along
In conscious beauty, and with winning glance
Bowed to the many flatterers, that breathed low
Their whispered nothings. On her brow she wore
A gleaming coronet of gold and gems,
That oft she raised with her white, jewelled hand,
And shook her glossy curls, in playful glee,
Then placed it on again, and seemed to say,
“Uneasy sits the head that wears a crown.”
And now she struck the harp, and with a start
That looked like nature's self, she gazed around,
As if surprised to mark the waiting throng,
That urged and pleaded. With capricious sweep,
She stirred the strings once more, and murmured low,
As if forgetful, the half uttered words;
Till like a sudden flash her voice rose high,
In unchained freedom, and her slender form,
Moving with fay-like motion to the harp,
Seemed to expand, as through the wide domain
She poured the floating music.

By her side,

There stood a younger sister, shadowy fair,
As secondary rainbow. No pale rose

Could boast a paler tint or yet more clear,
Than the pure blush that sat upon her cheek,
Forever changing in its place and hue,
Like a warm sunbeam haunting a thin cloud
Of fleecy whiteness. In the loving glance,
With which she met her sister's sparkling smile,
That sought her eye's deep blue, as morning's ray
Turns to the drooping violet, I read
Intense affections, mingling with what seemed
Too like idolatry. Hers was a mind
That flourished best within the quiet sphere
Of woman's noiseless duties, and she loved
Better among her books and flowers to dwell,
Than like her truant sister, to shake off
Amid the idle show of festive scenes,
Blest nature's teachings.

Yet 'tis well, perchance,
To leave, at fitting times, the sober path
Of life's monotony, turning aside
For a brief hour to miugle with the throng,
Even though they be of triflers, and dispel
The dust and cob-web, that too often cling
Round social intercourse, when left to pine
Mid the unwholesome damps of ceaseless toil.
Happy is he that owns a secret spell
In every passing scene; whether it be
In business' crowded mart, or mid the calm
Of sweet repose, over the midnight lamp
Of studious application, or the page
Imagination colours, or mid scenes
Of festal pleasure; yet from all can weave
A chain of pleasant fancies, that may serve
In after time, as record of the spots

Scattered, like vistas, through the twilight gloom
Of memory's wide expanse.

Even thus thought he,
That youthful son, who lured, with warm request,
His aged mother from yon quiet room,
To gaze awhile upon this glittering show
Of youth and peerless beauty. He had left
His gallant ship, to make a sojourn brief
Amid his childhood's home—to drink once more
Of friendship's balmy cup, and tend anew
Those plants of deathless sympathy, that spring
Like wild-wood flowers, and flourish but the more
For every crush the storms of absence leave.
He was a noble youth, with such a flush
Of pride and joy about him ; such unchecked
And unsubdued ambition kindling up
His high, exulting brow and curling lip,
That to a careless eye there might have seemed
Too much of proud supremacy, to yield
A willing entrance to affection's reign ;
But 'twas not so. It was a beauteous sight
To view the perfect contrast 'twixt *her* form,
Bending 'neath weight of years, and *his*, that rose
In manhood's towering beauty. He, with care,
Lent his supporting arm, and slowly moved
With unaccustomed step, as if he feared
To break the pleasant spell, which made her turn
With long delay and frequent, to mark well
Each coloured lamp, and vase, and costly flower,
That decked and lighted up the entrance wide.
And now they reached the hall, and instantly
The merry viol ceased, while on the air
A sabbath stillness fell, as group on group

Prest to the cushioned sofa, where her son,
Leading the matron, close beside her stood,
And bending to each one among the crowd,
Breathed in low tones, "My mother."

Oh! it was

A sight exceeding lovely, to see youth,
With all its recklessness, such homage bring
Unto the shrine of age; and yet, methought,
Mid all that varied throng, where manly strength
Vied with slight female grace, and beauty seemed
Lavished to perfect waste, that there was nought
That won me so completely, as the look
Of mild benignity with which she gazed
On all the fairy forms, that flitted round,
Then turned, with smile upon her lip, once more
To catch the words, "My mother."

Years have past

Since that gay evening, and no more I seek
The crowd's alluring blandishments; yet still
When by-gone days do visit me, and scenes
Most pleasant to my heart move swiftly on,
As in a magic glass, some secret spell
Enchains me to that spot, and once again
I meet the softened and religious glance
Of that fair matron's eye; and though my ear
Hath listened to rare music, rarer far
Than the full cadence of that queen-like one,
Trying her harp's fine pulses, and been stirred
Even as an instrument with cunning sounds
Of ravishing vibration, yet not one
Seems now so grateful to my thirsting ear,
As that *fond son's* "*My mother.*"

WHERE SHALL MY GRAVE BE?

WHERE shall my grave be? Where?
And can one heart be found
That doth a human impress bear,
And treads this being's narrow bound,
That hath not looked o'er earth's wide face,
And sought to find its resting place?

There is not *one*, for thought
Is given unto *all*;
And man, though with vain passions fraught,
Can never hush its secret call;
Existence hardly knows its worth
Before it learns of "earth to earth."

There are some hours in life,
When the free soul must spurn
Its turmoil and its empty strife,
And, like the weary captive, yearn
To burst the bar that seems so frail,
And lift the future's inner veil.

No matter where we lie,
Together or apart;
Whether our friend or foe be nigh,
Yet it seems pleasant to the heart,
To claim a fellowship of clay
With those we loved in being's day.

The grave can yield no breath
To make its secrets known,

Yet with the mystery of death,
 There comes a soft, clear under-tone,
Low whispering that a presence dwells,
Unknown to us, in those dark cells.

Each living soul, perchance
 Springing from out its tent,
In glorious intercourse may glance
 Amid the boundless firmament,
Then resting in its fragile mould,
Mingle a knowledge, all untold.

Alas ! their fitting theme
 No mortal tongue can tell ;
We, earth's poor prisoners, cannot dream
 Of *mind*, when, bursting from its shell,
It soars to an immortal sky,
And seeks to find immensity.

Too daring is the thought
 For being's lowly space,—
These needless yearnings must be taught
 Their fruitlessness, till face to face
We meet upon that starry shore,
From whence the lost return no more.

Yet may my last abode
 Be, where a loving hand
May deck with flowers my burial sod,
 And make the spot a pleasant land
For souls to rest in, when they hold
Communion as in days of old.

TO THE MEMORY OF REV. DANIEL COBIA.

SERVANT of God ! well done ;
Enter into thy rest ;
The race appointed run,
Lean on thy Saviour's breast ;
He, who hath proved the load-star of thy soul,
Now surely leads thee to the promised goal.

Rest, shepherd of the fold !
Thy guarding-time is past ;
O'er Jordan's billows cold
Thou'rt landed safe at last,
And walkest with thy Lord in pastures green,
And where the living waters still are seen.

As watchman on the tower,
Thou boldly told'st of night
In tones of startling power ;
And when the morning light
Broke, like salvation's star upon thine eye,
Thou meekly gav'st the praise to God most high !

All count thy life as brief,
And mourn that thou art gone ;
Yet is it cause for grief
That, early, thou putt'st on
The stainless robes, where sin hath made no trace,
And worshipp'st thy Maker, face to face ?

Oh no ! a ripe old age
Was thine, though years were few,

Since on thy being's page
 Thou hast left record true,
 Of zeal in working out thy Master's laws,
 Till life itself was offered in his cause.

Then fare thee well! pass on
 Unto the throne of love ;
 And take the seat thou'st won
 Among the saints above ;
 Joy ! joy ! that Israel's ark now steadfast stands
 Within a dwelling-place not "made with hands."

EXPECTATION—A FRAGMENT.

I WEARY with this watching ! All the bright
 Yet endless morning hours I still have past,
 Straining, with restless hope, my aching sight
 On yon transparent waters, till at last
 Evening hath shook her mantle of soft haze
 Around the vivid glories of the day,
 And earth doth seem unto my shrouded gaze,
 Even as a phantom, melting fast away.—
 And what hath been my gain ? Perchance to win
 A white speck in the distance—see it float
 (Like visions of futurity within,
 That pass from off the mind, as a dim mote,)
 On the horizon's edge ; until it grows,
 Made perfect by delusion, to a bark
 Striving with sails to break the soft repose
 Of the dull breeze ; and when the eye would mark
 Some nearer object to restore its powers,

To find on turning to that distant spot,
 That the ideal shape thus watched for hours,
 Has gone forevermore—Or else to plot
 A mute companionship with every cloud
 That flits on spirit-wings before the test
 Of the strong sunbeams, and together crowd
 In the low chamber of the distant West,
 To deck the Day-God's couch ; or yearn to share
 The wild bird's chartered heritage, as through
 The ether's utmost region, free from care,
 He wings his airy flight, or yet anew
 Skims, as a pastime, the blue ocean's foam,
 And roving ever mid his boundless home,
 He lives rejoicing. Such, alone, have been
 The spells which made me idle. Would that I
 Could yet again this wasted day begin,
 But it hath gone ! it renders no reply.

* * * * *

Alas ! departed day, how like thou art
 Unto poor human life ! In youth's gay morn,
 We turn with reckless buoyancy of heart
 From the true bliss that with the hour is born,
 And look forever *onward*, colouring up,
 Upon the future's yet unmeasured scene,
 With hope's delusive pencil, from the cup
 That pleasant fancy lends, a sky serene,
 A clear and crystal sea, on whose expanse
 Float strange, mysterious joys, which, for a time
 Upon the misty bound, like shadows glance,
 Then pass, as barks bound for some other clime,
 Before the light of truth. Creator ! grant

That in such fruitless dreams I may not spend
Existence' fleeting moments ; but may plant
My being's steadfast gaze and fixed end
Upon *one* certain point, where all my store
Of treasure is at stake : which cannot be
A passing spectre, since it arches o'er
Life's foaming ocean with such lasting grace,
That standing now upon time's crowded shore,
Aided by faith's clear sunshine, I can trace
Its deeply-graven name—*Eternity*.

SPRING FLOWERS.

SPRING is at work again ! Her hand doth twine
Round winter's icy forehead a bright wreath
Of rich and varied colours ; and beneath
The frosty net-work of his mantle, shine
Embroideries fresh and vivid. Earth is gay,
And a new life distils from every pore,
As if kind Nature, marking the decay
Her slumbering energies had wrought, once more
Started from sleep, and with mysterious power
Took from her pallet shades of every hue,
And with a rapid pencil touched anew
The picture, faded through long winter's hour.—
Flowers spring up everywhere—those faithful things !
That coming, find a welcome, and with mien
So unobtrusive, waken secret springs
Of feeling, always living, though unseen.
For who can shut his heart against a flower ?
Who does not love them all ? and yet the best,

Those first born of the Spring, that often drest
In humble garb, shed a more wasteful shower
Of fragrance on the air, than those that hold
Patrician's place in Summer's gay domain,
And rank as Flora's jewels.— 'Tis a vain
And idle fancy, *some* may count it bold,
Yet there are seasons when I see in them
Emblems of friends long lost; and oft I deem
That kindred spirits hover round each stem,
And (though perhaps 'tis but a pleasant dream,)
Aid me to tend my blossoms.

This small group

Culled from yon garden, stand as types to me,
Of some, most dear! This snow-drop, that doth droop
As if in thoughtful musing it might be,
Doth image a companion ever true,
Who, with love's echoes ringing fresh and clear,
Sank 'neath Consumption's sun, yet did appear
Still lovely to the last. This violet blue,
Wooded by the vagrant breeze to rise above
Its shielding leaves, and then again reclined
Within the quiet shade, now brings to mind
A friend, *just* fallen asleep, who once did move
In Fashion's graceful garments, then with no
Apparent struggle, chose "the better part,"
And folding pure Religion round her heart,
Lived not in this world's glare, but brightly shone,
In all the beauty of her youth unspent,
The star of a domestic firmament.
Methinks her soft eye beams from out the flower,
Looking, as aye it ever looked on earth,
Dreaming of Heaven.—And mark the buds strewn o'er
This stem of crocus. As in seeming mirth,

They toss their slight limbs to the morning breeze,
And breathe a wealth of perfume, may they not
Pourtray that band of children, ne'er forgot,
Who cluster gay, where wave the forest trees?—
This single rose-bud, oh! how like it is,
Gemmed with the dew, unto an infant fair,
Who, as a sunbeam flits through the thin air,
Fled from this earth unto a realm of bliss,
There to bloom fully.—But still more than all,
I love this Jasmine, that in close embrace
Twines all the blossoms. In it I can trace
One, dearer far than any; and recall
Her love, that threw its tendrils everywhere,
And like the drapery of yon tangled bowers,
Won all to her heart's circle.

Sweet spring flowers!

Ye move me even to tears, and waken near
And deep remembrances, that will not sleep.
Yet would I lose these fancies? Oh! not so,—
“*Life has no second youth,*” yet all may keep
A spring-time of the feelings; and although
Years may come round me, with their blighting chill,
And stern realities my spirit fill,
I'll guard these simple tastes, and ever bless
That God, who planted in my inmost heart
A sympathy for things, that can impart
Unto the *humblest* lot a loftiness.

CENTENNIAL ODE FOR THE SOUTH-CAROLINA
SOCIETY.

HAIL to the day that's now beaming around us,
Record and seal of a hundred years past !
God bless the cause that together hath bound us,
Long as there's life in one pulse may it last.
Herald of good in store,
Witness of mercies o'er,
Charity's port in our dear Southern land ;
Brothers, let memory's chain
Still in our hearts retain
Those who in wisdom the structure have planned.

Who would forget them ? pure spirits ! that planted
Firmly the corner stone where we but build ;
Slow was the work, but their faith was undaunted,
"God" for their watchword, and Love for their shield !
Peace to each honored name,
Proud birthright though we claim,
Won by a band of true patriots all,
Yet now our country's weal
Needs more than warrior's zeal—
Warm souls to rally at Charity's call.

Crowns have grown playthings since first we united, -
Glory's frail fabrics have fallen to nought ;
Nations have risen like lamps newly lighted,
Then in oppression's dark mantle been caught.
While, like a sunny rill,
Silent, yet gaining still,

Deeper and wider our influence has spread ;
 Soothing the widow's fears,
 Wiping the orphan's tears ;
 Strength to the weak, to the fatherless bread.

On ! Brothers, on ! let us rest not beneath it,
 Mercy's fair pile is but scarcely begun ;
 Still with good deeds let us try to enwreath it,
 Knit heart and hand ever closely in one.
 Till, like a column bright,
 Kindled with heaven's light,
 Clear shall it stand on the dim shore of time ;
 Systems may fail and die,
 Suns themselves leave the sky,
 Charity lives through Eternity's clime.

 SONNET.

THE evening shades draw round me. Sunset's eye
 Grows tremulous and dim ; and every star
 Its beacon-lamp enkindles, bright though far,
 Amid the boundless watch-tower of the sky,
 Guiding the spirit from this alien earth,
 Where, through the busy day, it had been tost
 By passions rude and wild, and almost lost
 Amid those thousand rocks where time's true worth
 Is shipwrecked, ah ! how oft ; and leading it
 From the world's hollow semblance to a land
 Where no vain hopes, like lights and shadows flit,
 But Reason and Religion, hand in hand,
 Mark out the path where happiness hath trod,
 And leave it *at the footstool of its God.*

L I F E.

ALAS ! how vain a thing is life,
With all its light and shade,
Its busy trifles, countless blanks,
And labours unrepaid ;
Where'er we turn, where'er we look,
'Tis but a dark and gloomy book.

For who doth read its purpose true ?
By all 'tis seen and known,
Yet days, weeks, months, increase the store
Of time, forever flown,
And still we toil in fruitless schemes,
Rearing a pyramid of dreams.

The past ! what boots it, since 'tis gone ?
The present ! there is none ;
The future ! ah ! 'tis *there* we look,
And thus till life is done,
We still resolve, and still delay,
Living *to-morrow* in *to-day*.

Oh ! it is strange how follies weak
Can cramp the restless soul ;
And lay an adamantine weight
On reason's strong control ;
To look at man, who could discern
That *Earth* was not his chief concern ?

Each has his idol ! Pleasure's shrine
Is decked with light and flowers,

While countless votaries squander there
This being's fleeting hours ;
Till, deaf to conscience' stifled call,
They yield for worthless toys, their *all*.

And Riches, oh ! too much we strive
To gain the shining ore ;
And with an undefined desire,
Struggle and pant for more ;
Shame ! shame ! that gold and baubles bright
Should dim the soul's immortal light.

Ambition ! let us all beware
To touch that poisoned cup ;
Sharp pangs will press the spirit's nerve
If we but drink it up ;
Weigh all the peace it ever bought,
And in the balance 'twill prove nought.

Love ! human love ! how oft that grows
To a too vain excess,
Till when we crowd our earthly Ark
With plans of happiness,
'Tis hurried by a passing breath,
To the close tenantry of death.

Is *all* a dream then ? Heaven forbid !
Too dark the picture grows ;
Man hath but made life what it is,
Though reckless man well knows
The priceless stores of bliss that lie
Embedded in mortality.

All is not vain : Creation stands
 A Temple, worthy God ;
And in its farthest confines, where
 No footstep ever trod,
If but a speck of life attend,
That atom hath a destined end.

Yes ! all around, beneath, above,
 Proclaims a master-hand ;
The star-crowned sky ; the flower robed earth ;
 The ocean's silvery strand,
With all the tribes that in them stir,
Is each a silent worshipper.

And look within : view the full tide
 Of sympathies benign ;
The aspirations after good ;
 The hopes, though vague, divine,
And who can deem that death will be
The last page in man's history ?

A sure *hereafter*, oh ! 'tis that
 Which seals life's finished scroll,
And makes even the proud sceptic crouch
 In nakedness of soul ;
Through death's dense veil, the worm can see
Thy pole-star, Immortality !

Then is it not a fearful thing
 To *live*, as *life* were nought ?
And on its dull wheel, ever turn
 With no high purpose fraught ;

Yet conscious on that little round,
Eternity itself is wound ?

Creator ! Give us strength to prize
Existence ere 'tis spent ;
Nor let us linger on our way
Careless of *talents* lent,
But may we guard and burnish them,
Like jewels in a diadem.

And though upon life's changeful sky,
Fresh doubts and cares may meet,
And disappointment mingle free
The bitter with the sweet ;
With trust in God, each ill will prove
A rainbow, coloured by His love.

THE BLIND NEGRO COMMUNICANT—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

THE Saviour's feast was spread. Group after group
From Zion's scattering band, now silent thronged
Around the sacred table, glad to pay
(As far as sinful, erring man can pay)
Their debt of gratitude, and share anew
The plain memorials of his dying love.
All ranks were gathered there. The rich and poor :
The ignorant and wise ; the tear-wet soul,
And the glad spirit yet in sunshine clad ;
All, with their many hopes and cares and griefs,
Sought, quiet and unmarked, their 'customed place,
And still at the full banquet there was room.—

It was a solemn season ; and I sat
Wrapt in a cloud of thought, until a slow
And measured footstep fell upon my ear :
And when I turned to look, an aged man
Of three score years and ten appeared to view.
It was the blind Communicant ! He came,
Led by a friendly hand, and took his place
Nearest the table with a reverent air,
As if he felt the spot was holy ground.—
There was a perfect hush !—The hour was come !—
The symbols were disclosed, and soon there rose
The sweet tones of the shepherd of the flock,
Telling once more the story of the Cross ;
And as he spoke, in sympathy I gazed
Upon the blind old pilgrim by my side.
The sight was touching ! As the Pastor taught
In accents all subdued, how Jesus bore
The flight of friends, the stern denial-vow,
The spear, the thorns, the agonizing cross,
With want, shame, persecution, torture, death,
The old man shook, convulsed ; his ebon brow
Grew pallid in its hue ; a few big tears
Ran trickling down his cheek, and from his lip
Methought there came the words, “ *Lord, is it I ?* ”
But when there stole upon each listening ear
And throbbing heart, that prayer of matchless love,
That type and watch-word for all after prayer,
“ Father, forgive them ! ” then he clasped his hands
And bowing his hoar head upon his breast,
Wept, even as a weaned child might weep.

There was a change ! The bread and wine were brought ;
He wiped the gushing drops from his thin cheek,
Bowed solemnly—received them both—then paused—

Till raising his dull eye-balls up to heaven,
As asking for God's blessing on the rite,
He broke the bread, received the goblet close
Within his withered hands ; restored it safe ;—
Then while a peaceful smile illumed his face,
Sank back as in an ecstasy of bliss.
The parting hymn was sung, and oft I paused
And loved to listen, as the old man's voice,
Broken and shrill, sought too to mingle in
With modulated tones, and though his *lip*
Uttered no music, yet I joyed to know
The *heart* was all linked-melody within.
Christ's seal was stamped anew upon each soul ;
The solemn rite was finished, and the band,
Warmed to each kindly touch of human love,
Moved, full of thoughtful cheerfulness, along
The quiet church-yard, where gay sunbeams danced
On the white marble tombs, and bright flowers made
A pleasant home for Death ; while 'mongst them all
The blind Communicant went groping on
Along his midnight path. The sight was sad !—
My heart yearned for him—and I longed for power
To say, as the disciples said of old,
“ Blind man ! receive thy sight,”—and in the might
Of strong compassion, I could even, methought,
Have entered his dark prison-house awhile,
And let him gaze, in turn, on the blue skies
And the glad sunshine, and the laughing earth.
But soon I owned a sense of higher things,
And in the heart's soft dialect I said,
“ Old soldier of the Cross, 'tis well with thee !
Thy warfare is nigh finished ; and though Earth
Be but an utter blank, yet soon thou'lt gaze

On that bright country where thy God shall be
 The never-setting Sun ; and Christ, thy Lord,
 Will lead thee through green pastures, where the still
 And living waters play.—And though thou art
 A creature lonely and unprized by *men*,
 Yet thou mayst stand a Prince 'mongst Princes, when
 The King makes up his jewels !”

THE DEAD !

“ O la vita ! O la morte !
 Bello e dolce morir, fu certo allora,
 Che amante in vita, amato in morte.”—TASSO.

THE dead ! the much-loved dead !
 Who doth not yearn to know
 The secret of their dwelling place,
 And to what land they go ?
 What heart but asks with ceaseless tone,
 For some sure knowledge of *its own* ?

We cannot blot them out
 From memory's written page ;
 We cannot count them strangers, but
 As birds in prison-cage,
 We beat against the iron bar
 That keeps us from those friends afar.

Oblivion may not hang
 Its curtain o'er their grave,
 There is no water we can sip,
 Like Lethe's lulling wave ;

But fond affection's moaning wail
Breaks from us like the autumn gale.

Grief cannot win them back ;
And yet with frequent tear,
We question of their hidden lot,
And list with throbbing ear,
For some low answer that may roll
Through the hushed temple of the soul.

We love them—love them yet !
But is our love returned ?
Is memory's hearth now cold and dark
Where once the heart-fire burned ?
Nor do the laborers now gone home,
Look for the weary ones to come ?

We wrong them by the thought :—
Affections cannot die ;
Man is still man where'er he goes,
And oh ! how strong the tie
Which links us, as with fetters fast,
Unto the future and the past.

Death would be dark indeed,
If, with this mortal shroud,
We threw off all the sympathies
That in our being crowd,
And entered on the spirit-land,
A stranger, mid a stranger-band.

Far pleasanter to think
That each familiar face,

Now gazes on us as of old,
From its mysterious place,
With love, that neither death nor change
Hath power to sever or estrange.

Oh! who will dare to say,
"This is an idle dream?"
Who that hath given one captive dove
To soar by its own stream,
But fancies that its breathings low,
Float round them wheresoe'er they go?

Mother! couldst thou endure
To think thyself forgot
By *her*, who was thy life, thy air,
The sunbeam of thy lot?
Wouldst thou not live in doubt and fear,
If all thy bright hopes perished *here*?

And brother! sister! child!
Ye all have loved the light
Of many a dearly-cherished one,
Now taken from your sight,
And can *ye* deem that when ye meet,
Hearts will not hold communion sweet?

Alas! if it be so,
That in the burial-urn
The soul must garner up the love,
That once did in it burn,
Better to know not of the worth
Of true affection on this earth.

Better to live alone,
Unblessing and unblest,
Than thus to meet and mingle thought,
Then from the immortal breast
Shut out the memory of the past,
Like day-beams from a forest vast.

Oh ! no ; it cannot be !
Ye ! the long-lost of years !
Mid all the changes of this life,
Its thousand joys and fears,
We love to think that round ye move,
Making an atmosphere of *love*.

Ye are not *dead* to *us* ;
But as bright stars unseen,
We hold that ye are ever near,
Though death intrudes between,
Like some thin cloud, that veils from sight
The countless spangles of the night.

Your influence is still felt
In many a varied hour ;
The dewy morn brings thoughts of you ;
Ye give the twilight power ;
And when the Sabbath sunshine rests
On your white tombs, ye fill our breasts.

No apathy hath struck
Its ice-bolt through our hearts ;
Yours are among our household names ;
Your memory ne'er departs ;

And far, far sweetest are the flowers
Ye planted in our favorite bowers.

* * * * *

Friends ! *I* would crave like boon
 When laid within death's vaults ;
 Speak of me often, though it be
 Only to tell my faults ;
 For better that some hearts be taught
 Even of my follies than of nought.

Oh ! yes, remember me
 In gentleness and love :
 Let not the chasm be early filled
 That tracks my last remove ;
 But grant me still that little spot ;—
 Friends ! *dearest friends ! forget me not.*

—

HYMN TO JEHOVAH.—PSALM CIII.

O COME, my soul, with every power,
 And praise thy great Creator's name,
 Who doth his blessings freely shower
 On all who his protection claim ;
 He heals thy pains, forgives thy sins,
 And oft thy life from danger wins.

'Tis he that crowns thee with such love,
 And satisfies thy mouth with good,

Till by his mercies from above,
Thy youth, like eagle's, is renewed ;
He lends his judgments to the opprest,
And hath with knowledge Israel blest.

His goodness over all is shed,
And though his anger were but just,
Yet soon he lifts the contrite head,
And takes the humbled from the dust ;
His scales in mercy's hands are found,
His loving kindness knows no bound.

Far as the starry heavens sublime
Are high above the peopled earth,
And distant as the sun-set clime
From where light's fountain hath its birth,
So far has he removed his wrath,
Such mighty depth his goodness hath.

And as a parent gently smiles
Upon his young and tender race,
So too our heavenly Friend beguiles
The hearts of those that seek his grace ;
He knoweth well our feeble frame,
Remembereth that from dust we came.

Alas ! for man, his days are trod
As the green grass : and like the flower
That decks awhile its parent sod,
Then bows beneath the south-wind's power,
So he too lives his little day,
And ere to-morrow, dies away.

But, Lord, thy mercies ne'er shall end,
To those that strive to do thy will,
Thou art our children's children's friend,
Thou dost the past and future fill,
Thy throne is in the heavens on high,
Thou rulest through eternity.

Then bless the Lord, his praise dispense,
Ye angels, that excel in might,
That list his boundless eloquence
And bear his summons with delight ;
Ye ministers, his name adore,
Ye hosts, repeat it o'er and o'er.

Let all the creatures of his love
Bow low before the Eternal One,
Let all around, beneath, above,
His majesty and greatness own,
And thou, my soul, high praises bring
To him thy Father, Maker, King.

THE DYING GIRL.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

TREAD lightly ! for deep silence hangs around,
And life and death meet here on common ground !

Tread lightly ! for existence' golden lyre
Hath almost hushed its music, save a note,
Solemn, yet dim with mystery, that doth float
As a faint prelude to a strain yet higher ;
One, that a little while on earth did roam,
Hath caught Heaven's summons, and is hasting *home*.

Yet come and gaze!—nor turn ye thus away
In bitter anguish, ye, who knew her well
In childhood's morning, when her footsteps fell

As light dew on the grass, and chill decay
Touched not her cheek's transparence, deepened oft
By joyous thoughts within her, as some soft
And fleecy cloud is coloured by the sun
That tints each subject thing it looks upon.—

Come! gaze, for life flits fast; and her fair breast,
Half veiled beneath its robe, is quickly stirred
By the slight breath of being, as a bird

That closely prisoned, an unwilling guest,
Pants for its native ether.—

See! there lie
Deep shadows on her brow. The drooping lid
Is marked too strongly, and half seen, half hid,

By the uncertain lamp that flickers nigh,
The viewless artist, Death, now adds a hue
Unto her lip of most unearthly blue.

His work seems almost perfect! yet 'tis hard
To count it aught save Sleep's, unless perchance
In pity, he hath checked his poiséd lance,

And blunting all his arrows, sent a guard
To tell his coming, who, with presence bland,
Smooths the rough passage to the spirit-land.

But no! not yet he summons, for she stirs,
And strives with energies anew to speak,
Although the pulse for utterance is weak.

What word is on her lip? What thoughts are hers?
One heart, that like a vine to hers, hath grown,
Interpreteth with care, each whispered tone.

Know'st thou whose heart? Oh! let true nature speak,

And tell what form is that, which bendeth low
Beside the couch of death in silent woe :

Her hands convulsive clasped, and her wan cheek
Stony in hue and touch. Who hath passed days
And nights of watchfulness, yet wearied not,
But sat to weep and pray, and bathe her hot

And aching brow with kisses, or else raise
The yielding form, and guess each passing thought,
Before the feverish lip could speak it out—

Who but the mother ? She, to whom, indeed,
Such partings are not new, but who hath drained
The cup of grief, and yet no firmness gained
To serve her in this hour of deepest need.—

The dying girl looks in her parent's face,
And her blue eyes speak volumes as they roam,
Till soft she breathes, "*When will my father come ?*"

And she, the stricken mother, from her place
Springs up, as if the absent one to see,
And murmurs in her anguish, "*Where is he ?*"—

Alas ! she calls in vain ; for far away
He roves, unconscious of the darksome cloud,
That veils his happy dwelling, where the loud
And merry laugh of children at their play,

Once thrilled upon his ear, and she, the best
And brightest of the throng, his morning star !
Was wont to greet his coming from afar,

And folded to his fond, paternal breast,
Would tell each simple thought with lisping tongue,
Till the wide mansion with their gladness rung.

* * * * *

But being's strife is ended, and the dew

Of the damp grave hath settled on her brow;
Her eye is fixed and glazed, yet even now
The mother's hope lives on, and yet anew,
By the *deserted casket*, low she kneels,
With startling gaze, till a soft voice reveals
The dreaded truth, and with it faith is given
To claim the *jewel lost*, again in Heaven.

TO OCTOBER.

I WELCOME thee, October ! sweetest month
'Mid all the train, that urged by Time's quick song,
Move, hand in hand, with never-ceasing speed,
Unto a measured dance the whole year long ;
And with no change of partners, weary not,
But come and go with duty unforgot.

I welcome thee ! What though to other eyes
Thou wear'st too sad and shadow-like a hue,
And wakest chords upon the spirit's lyre,
That give back tones too exquisitely true ;
Yet, with thy touching and mysterious grace,
More than all other months, I love thy face.

For thou art beautiful to me !—The Spring
That sits, like childhood, in a rosy bower,
Twining with braids of sunshine garlands fair,
To deck her brow from every leaf and flower,
Hath never yet unto my bosom brought
Such floods as thine, of full, upsoaring thought.

And Summer too, the rich and golden crowned !
With her clear laugh, so musically free,
That rings upon the ear, and echo finds,
Where'er a speck of humblest life may be,
Hath not one moment in her swift career,
So sweet as thine, Enchantress of the year !

I love to picture thee : Standing erect,
'Gainst the transparent background of the sky ;
One arm upraised to heaven, as if to lead
The human mind to gratitude most high,
While from the other, with a liberal hand,
Thou scatterest health and plenty o'er the land.

Or else reclining, as in thoughtful mood,
Within some sylvan temple, arched aloof
With such slight foliage, that the sunbeam's wing
May come and rest on the prismatic woof
Of fallen leaves, that make a carpet meet
For the light, rustling passage of thy feet.

They call thee brown October ! not because
Thy robe is coloured with a russet hue,
For thou hast beautiful attire, and takest
E'en at thy will, a drapery ever new ;
Not *one* 'mongst thy companions can unfold
Such stores of emerald, topaz, ruby, gold.

Nor is it that thy harvest boasts of nought,
Save clustering nuts within their husky shell,
For though they ripen 'neath thy smile, thou hast
Amid thy treasures many more to tell ;

Pomona and rich Ceres emulate
To bring thee glowing fruits and grains, tho' late.

But 'tis, methinks, that 'neath thy pleasant reign,
The inner sense is quickened and matured,
And *mind* grows brown with ripeness, and bursts out
From *matter*, with its energies new stored,
And the uncaged and fresh enkindled soul,
Takes in Creation as one perfect whole.

Yes! for thou art all *spirit*, and thou dost
Exert a holy influence over all;
Tuning the heart, as some strung instrument,
Whence none but heavenly cadences can fall,
And stirring delicate springs of human thought,
Till life with mists of poetry seems fraught.

And this is why I love thee! and rejoice
To read in Nature's book thy pure page o'er,
Where, in a mystic language, thou speak'st truth,
More precious to the soul than lettered lore;
And this is why thou art to me most dear,
October! sweetest month of all the year.

TO THE HUMA.

[THE HUMA is a bird which is supposed to fly continually in the air, and never touches the earth.]

Would I were thou, bright bird!
Soaring through yonder crystal arch away,
In the full splendour of the burning day,
Where not a note of this world's jarring lay
Could e'er be heard.

Would that I were like thee !
With all the habitation of the sky,
Its secret hiding-places far and nigh,
Where'er the nervéd wing could soar so high,
Left free to me.

It were a joyous lot,
Upward and onward to the sun's bright crest,
To urge my steadfast flight, and never rest,
Save on the ether's pure, transparent breast,
Yet weary not.

Lend me thy pinion fleet,
Celestial dweller in yon upper sphere,
And I no longer space will linger here,
A pilgrim, mid a wilderness, where fear
And sorrow meet.

But far, away, away,
Breaking the chain that binds me, I will spring,
And make the wide, blue concave ceaseless ring
With my free gush of music, like some thing
Forever gay.

Yet dost thou roam with none ?
No kindred pinion at thy side to glance,
Through the untravelled fields of heaven's expanse,
But doomed forever onward to advance,
Always alone ?

Too dear, too dear the cost !
I ask not, then, bright bird ! to fly with thee,
For dark and sad my heritage would be,

If in that high upsoaring, sympathy
Must be quite lost.

My soul could not endure,
Even amid those clear, unclouded skies,
Such solitude, but still with eager eyes,
'Twould seek the gem brought out from paradise,
Affection pure.

Yes! it would quickly yearn
To take the doubts and fears and quivering strife
Of this unquiet, yet familiar life,
Though with so many griefs and troubles rife,
And soon return.

The idle wish has gone!
Bright bird! I envy not thy destiny!
We both were framed in wisdom; but for me,
With fond, true hearts, I'll dwell contentedly,
Nor live alone.

A VISION.

“ Behind the cloud of death,
Once, I beheld a sun; a sun which gild
That sable cloud, and turned it all to gold.”

It was an hour for musing. Blue-eyed day
Had yielded up her regency, and night,
Exceeding beautiful, resumed her right,
As solemn watchman, in her full array
Over the drowsy earth. I sat alone!

Yet no ! not quite alone ; for busy thought,
(Blesséd companion ! evermore our own,)
Wrapt me in close embraces, and so wrought
Upon my spirit, till a dreaminess,
Like that from perfumes lavished to excess,
Weighed heavily upon me.

As I gazed

On the blue vault mysterious, where star
Crowding on star, in rich effulgence blazed,
Like jewels in some coronet afar ;
My fancy took the impulse of the hour,
And full of wild imaginings questioned me,
But oh ! I grieve to tell how fruitlessly !
On many themes of deep, enthralling power,
Oft asked, but never answered ! If the friends
We prized in life, are strangers made by death,
The all-dividing ? If affection's breath
Be as a harp-note lost ? If memory lends
No signet-stamp to press on the soft soul,
That may survive all change ? And I was mute.
Backward I looked o'er the extended whole
Of life's far landscape, wheresoe'er the root
Of sympathy had flourished ; and there came
Smiles fond and fervent ; sunny bursts of thought,
Tones, that with chastened melody seemed fraught,
Tokens of faith and kindly trust, all blent
In one delicious incense-cloud, upsent
From the heart's altar, where the nourished flame
Burnt clear and constant, giving promise sure,
That through all blight and tempest 'twould endure,
With life immortal.—Then a dark cloud fell,
Fearfully, suddenly,—and I could find

No crevice-space through which a ray might shoot,
But with a secret, overmastering spell,
Death's dim and dusky curtain wrapt my mind
In vain conjecture ; therefore I was mute !

Oh ! the first pang of doubt ! The serpent-foe,
That with its fine, small weapon works by stealth
Into the sources of the spirit's health,
Leaving a poisoned sting. I could not know
How long it held me captive, for there crept
A weariness npon me, and I slept.

There came a vision with that sleep. It seemed
I stood upon a wild and lonely beach,
Where the thick stifling atmosphere close teemed
With lethargy. Far as the eye could reach,
The sea, that constant chronicler of time,
Spread out in one vast surface, mirror-like
And motionless, save when a smothered chime
Came from an underboiling of some wave,
That led by sudden impulses, would strike
'Gainst the black ledge, yet ere its foam could lave
The rocky summit, fell again to rest,
As if the strength within each billow's breast
Was choked by vapours hot. The low'ring sky,
Unfanned by zephyr's pinion, closely weighed
Upon the shadowed ocean, far and nigh,
Like the dark vaulting of a sepulchre ;
And not a living thing therein did stir,
Save clouds, that moved in gloomy cavalcade.

Presently there was a sigh, that broke this hush
Of awful silence ; and the sound was caught

With note responsive on the ocean's shell,
And ere the boding and mysterious swell
Quite died away, there came a rumbling, fraught
As with the noise of chariot wheels, that rush
Over a battle field, until at last
From the dark sky, wide sea, and lonely beach,
There burst a thunder peal, that, ere it past,
Seemed through Creation's farthest realms to reach.

My spirit froze with horror—life stood still—
Each limb grew motionless,—and but this one
O'erpowering thought my inmost mind did fill,
That mid a dying world, *I was alone.*

The earth had past away. I knew not how !
And yet I cared not ; self was all to me.
I gazed on the horizon dim, and now
A giant phantom rose from out the sea.
Quickly it shot aloft, and upward spread
In wild fantastic shape upon the sky ;
Closer it came, and weighed on me like lead.
Methought in its embrace that I *must* die :
I could not move, but breathed out fervently,
In low and broken accents, "*God help me !*"

The thought was scarcely uttered, ere a thin
Slight thread, like silver, on the horizon gleamed ;
Brighter it kindled up, and soon within
That strip of blue, a radiant sunlight beamed.
My mortal eye was dazzled,—sense grew dull ;
But when I looked again, a city lay,
Dimly defined, but oh ! how beautiful,
Steeped in the splendour of celestial day,

A city built upon a mountain height,
Where palace above palace towered bright,
In glorious succession, decked with spires,
And pinnacles, that shone like countless fires,
Though over all, to aid my unnerved sight,
There hung a veil, like gossamer, so light.

The contrast was o'erwhelming ! As I gazed
Upon that crystal shore, a vessel clear,
With glittering masts, and sails, that almost blazed
Beneath that wondrous sunburst, glided near
To the resplendent city. Forms of light,
With wings, that made the sea a starry flood,
By strong reflection, on the wide deck stood,
Arrayed in shining robes, too strangely bright,
Their snowy brows uplifted, as above
They pointed to the haven of their love.

I yearned to follow to that happy shore,
But still the giant-phantom held me fast ;
I strove for freedom, and from every pore
Big drops of anguish rolled, until at last,
The horrid spectre, with a wailing cry,
Past, like a dim cloud, from the solemn sky,
And where it vanished, on my shrinking sight,
Burst out the one word, *faith*, in letters bright,
As if each character had been a sun,
From the illumined hall of ether won.

Lost in amazement, trembling—terrified—
“ Oh where am I ? What means this scene ? ” I cried,
And my weak voice across the wide sea spread,
And angel eyes turned on me, and I caught,

(Oh ! what a glance it was for raptured thought,) Faces of cherished friends, but long since dead : They smiled upon me, even as they smiled In the brief period of familiar life ; They called my name in tones distinct and mild, Though yet with heavenly cadences still rife ; And from their seraph lips these accents fell, " Cross the dark sea ; fear not ! all will be well !"

I sprang to meet them !—but a moment more, And with that sudden movement, I awoke ; And found 'twas but a night dream, all gone o'er, And yet its power was with me still, and broke Like sunlight in my soul ; until I deemed, That what at first an idle vision seemed, Might be some token sent me from on high, To clear from death its darkest mystery.

THE INVALID STRANGER.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I NE'ER had seen her face before, and yet Twas difficult to own that she was but A common stranger ; till a little while I gave my fancy freedom, and was pleased To shadow out some former spirit-sphere, Where we had held companionship, and twined A subtile link of sympathy and love.— Where lay her secret spell ? What charm of hers Thus played upon the harp-string of my mind, Stirring it up to music ? I knew not !

The maiden was all loveliness, and wore
Her beauty like a queenly robe, but yet
It was not that which won my lingering gaze,
And made me yearn to ask her tale of life,
And tell it out in poetry. 'Twas strange—
Yet, though I studied long, I could not learn
The colour of her eye, that seemed to change
Beneath the ivory lid, from brilliant black
To liquid hazel, then to full, soft grey,
Fast melting into violet—Nor the hue
Of her loose curls, to which each passing breeze
Gave some new shaping, making them appear
Within the shade pale anburn, but when stirred
In sunny light, like sprinkling gleams of gold
Within a silken tissue. More than all,
Were I an artist, it were needless task
To seek to match the tinting of her cheek,
One moment wan to sickliness, and then
Trying which best became it, the pure snow
Of the white lily, or the delicate blush
Of the pale, perfumed wild-rose.—I was blind
To all this touching beauty, and looked not
Upon the outward temple, for my mind
Had caught some glimpses of the shrine within,
And gave *that* all my worship.—It was *soul*,
High, holy, living, intellectual soul,
That lit her perfect features like a lamp
That burns in alabaster, or some star
Whose rays, vibrating through the ether's space,
Transmit its *softened image* from afar.
Yes! this it was that made me read her face,
Even as one reads the language of a book
With a forgetful earnestness, until

The secret fountains of my heart were moved,
And a warm prayer gushed out unconsciously,
Unto the giver of all good for her,
And oh! may it be answered—

God of Love!

Lend, for her sake, to winter's frosty sky
A genial influence, till the prisoned bird
Of health shall flutter fearlessly beyond
The narrow bars of sickness, and with life,
Sparkling and clear, as *diamond* newly set,
The graceful stranger safely may return
Unto the fitting *casket* of her home.

TO MY FATHER.

FATHER! while many a less inviting theme
Awakens oft this simple gush of song,
That lends a lustre unto life's dull stream,
Making it glide more rapidly along;
How is it that I ne'er have strung my lyre,
My lyre of feeble note, so prone to play
With every breeze-like thought, a few chords higher,
And fondly breathed to thee the humble lay?

Have I forgot thee, Father?—quite forgot
The pleasant tribute due paternal love—
Or deemed that such memorial sweet would not,
Within my mind, those inner pulses move,
Which bear us far above the common ground,
Where prison-bars of sense are round us set?

Oh! no, thou knowest my heart in thine is bound;
Thou knowest thy daughter never did forget.

Full often have I linked affection's words
With the slight threads of modulated rhyme;
And sought to bring them down like tutored birds,
Unto a full and all-harmonious chime;
But though emotions gushed out to excess,
(For love's electric wire is never cool;)
I could not utter all my tenderness,
I could not teach my heart to sing by rule.

Vain was the task, and yet the task was sweet;
So sweet, I e'en will set my sail anew;
And twining round my bark so frail and fleet,
The fresh rose-wreath of feelings ever true,
Would launch it from the colder shore of thought,
Where it cast anchor for a little while,
And with affection's lavish cargo fraught,
Entreat for it the sunshine of thy smile.

Yes! smile upon it, Father, and although
No other lip should praise my artless song,
That, like a leaf 'mid the wide ocean's flow,
May pass, as it deserves, unprized along;
'Twere joy enough, if in remembrance' ark,
Thy ready love, with accents ever mild,
Should welcome this small token as a mark
Sent o'er life's waves by thy devoted child.

Thy child! ah! blessed is my lot indeed;
I have not words to thank thee as I ought,

That thou hast earned for me the priceless meed
Of happiness, which gold had never bought ;
That thou hast woven in my being's web,
Rich strands of pleasure quite unbroken through,
Until I boast, from *love* that knows no ebb,
The fondest parent nature ever knew.

The cells of memory open ; oh ! how bright
Shines through their depths the sun of early days ;
Gay visions float before my raptured sight,
Like mellow pictures steeped in a soft haze ;
My heart grows blind with tears : I cannot see,
Father, each flower thou'st planted in life's field,
And yet their mingled scents still float round me,
Like perfumes from a vase almost concealed.

That jubilee of youth, my childhood's years—
Of its wild frolic there is nought to tell,
For seldom could I conquer timid fears,
To roam with those who loved its sports full well.
But free from school's hard trammels, I was found
Forever at a gentle mother's side,
Who swayed each movement in home's pleasant bound,
As needle with the magnet doth abide.

But when the evening locked its shadowy door
Upon day's clamorous crowd with noiseless key,
Hast thou forgot, dear Father, how once more,
Safe in my favourite place upon thy knee,
I listened to the patriotic lay,
Which, little understood, still fired my breast,
Or won thee to repeat, with brief delay,
Those simple ballad songs that I loved best ?

Ah! blessed hours! they form the crystal drop
That glitters on the tender flower of life,
Ere passion's fevered hand had reached to crop
One petal from the stem with freshness rife;
Who, that hath sold that birth-right of his youth,
The simple tastes that once his heart beguiled,
But willingly would yield all after truth,
To be once more a happy little child?

Yet no! I do but dream: far higher joys
Now fold around my heart their dove-like wings,
The manna-food of love, that never cloy; ;
The sympathy, which from the spirit springs;
The long-tried confidence of soul in soul,
Sharing life's weal, life's wo; the bliss that we
Own but one faith, one altar, and the whole
Fair heritage of thine integrity.

These are the links that bind me to thee now,
With more than common bonds, beloved sire!
Strengthening with every day and hour below,
Till rivetted at heaven's celestial fire;
For who can doubt but that this diamond spark,
Kindling the brow of poor mortality,
Must shine again beyond death's region dark,
And claim its source, Eternal Love, in thee!

A BALLAD OF THE OLD DOMINION.

'Twas eve 'mid Virginia's mountain land,
And the sultry fields by fresh gales were fanned,
Yet the youthful chieftain checked not his speed,
But spurred the flanks of his gallant steed ;
Though his father's friend from his mansion sped
To urge his stay ; " I must haste," he said,
" For duty's call is to me more dear,
Kind sir ! than the best and the richest cheer."

" Nay, tarry awhile," said his eager host,
" We'll drink but to Freedom one heart-felt toast ;
And ere the soft moonlight spreads silver sheen
O'er yonder meadow, just now so green,
With God's high blessing, I'll set thee free,
To go wherever thy will may be ;
For it wounds me sore, that a comrade's son
Should pass, like a common stranger, on."

His friend grew warm, and his suit was won
From the grateful soul of young Washington ;
And with heavy charge to his servant true,
To have ready his horse in one hour anew,
He entered straight to the banquet hall,
Where the guests prest fast at the loud bell's call ;
And there in his belted sword stood he,
'Mid Columbia's flower of chivalry.

Oh ! good was the haunch, and the wine was old,
That sparkled clear through each crystal mould ;

But the deer might have roamed through the woods at will,
And the grape's pure juice filled the huge casks still ;
For close at his side sat a lady fair,
And one bright gleam of her dark-brown hair,
Was more to him, as his heart confest,
Than viands the richest, and wine the best.

The night went on, and the master stayed,
Though his ready courser loudly neighed ;
And his faithful squire in wonder lost,
Like weary sentinel, held his post,
Till a summons came that to-morrow's sun
Should finish the journey to-day begun,
Though it did not add that a lady high,
Was the magnet-star that bound heart and eye.

But why need I speak of my tale, the rest ?
That lady's cheek told the secret best,
As they stood apart the next morning clear,
And he whispered low in her willing ear ;
She breathed no word, or for good or ill,
But prest the hand that detained hers still,
And ere a few seasons, a bride was won,
To gladden the home of young Washington.

THOUGHTLESS WORDS.

I WATCHED her at the toilet ! 'Twas the night
For her first step in that enchanted glade,
Where, to the young novice, all seems bright ;—
The world of fashion new. *There* stood the maid,

The living picture of a painter's dream,
So beautiful ! methought that as she leant,
With earnest wistfulness in her dark eyes,
And gazed close in her glass, then backward went
With form as pliant as some flower, that lies
Viewing its image in the crystal stream,
No wonder, if Narcissus-like, she pined
For self, and to all other charms grew blind.

Nature and Art had met, and done their work
Right fittingly. Her robe of purest crape,
Formed to her perfect symmetry of shape,
Hung o'er the satin's folds, like clouds that lurk
Upon a lustrous sky. Her slender waist,
Yet uncompress, wore, for its ornament,
A girdle pale, yet brightly clear in hue,
As if the hand that wove it had been sent
To borrow colouring from the lining blue
Of the far, inner heaven ; while, richly chaste,
A lily, formed of pearls in silver set,
Made fixtures for the bracelets of each arm,
And held confined the slight and shadowy net,
That veiled her youthful bosom white and warm.

All had been chosen well ! The astral lamp
That lit that pleasant chamber, shed a stream
Of radiance o'er her garments, which did gleam,
(Taking the impress of my fancy's stamp,)
Like some light column of pure Alpine snow,
Steeped in the parting sunset, while the low
And spiritual night-breeze played with her loose hair,
Like some fond lover, as she lingered there
In dreamy mood.—“ What doth she purpose now ?”

I asked myself; and ere the thought could find
A spoken language, she had seized upon
(As if 'twere the sole idol of her mind,)
A chaplet of strung pearls, and round her brow
That needed no adornment save its own,
Hurriedly sought to bind it; but alas!
Some slender thread was broken in her haste,
And the rich treasure in a loosened mass,
Fell quickly to the floor, a costly waste.

'Twas but a moment's work! but what a change
Came o'er her in that time. Her face was dashed
Deep as with liquid carmine: her dark eye
That softly drooped before, now brightly flashed
With disappointment wild; till with the strange
Impulse of wayward passion, she rose high,
Nerved with a strong despair, and on the ground
Stamped her small foot within its satin bound,
And burying in both hands her throbbing head,
Exclaimed with bursting tears, "*Would I were dead!*"

Beware! beware! young lady, who mayst read
This sketch from life, and full of sudden scorn,
Cry out, "*What folly!*" Plant not the quick seed,
Self-condemnation, but in youth's fair morn
Take home the lesson to thy heart, and look
The page of conscience o'er, and see if 'mong
The tales it hath to tell, there be not hung
Record of some dark hour, when passion shook
Thine uncurbed soul, and like a cloud on high,
Obscured the light of being's festal sky.

Thou still dost doubt ? Thou wilt not search within
The rose-cup for the canker ?—Yet not so !
I wrong thee, lady ! Even now I know
By the quick shadows flitting o'er thy face,
That faithful memory doth her task begin ;
And truth hath not turned traitor, but doth trace
As with a pencil dipt in light, *the past*,
Revealing to thy heart, that thou too hast
Errors to number o'er.—Farewell ! Farewell !
Break covenant with vice, and let this free
And fervent wish burst forth expressively,
“ *Would I were dead to passion's thralling spell.* ”

THE BOY AMONG PRIMROSES.

I WATCHED the young and graceful boy,
While, in his garden bower,
Sporting like idle butterfly
From fragrant flower to flower,
He carolled many a merry lay,
As if all life were holiday.

And musical was his low laugh,
When some young bird-like thought,
Won from the smiling prospect round,
Was in his heart's cage caught ;
Though brief the song it sung him, for
Each proved a transient visitor.

And so he wandered careless on,
Amid that blushing shrine,

Where every opening bud and leaf
Seemed offerings divine,
Till suddenly his footsteps sped
Unto a distant primrose bed.

Each yellow cup was closed, for who
That loves these simple flowers,
Though heedless of botanic lore,
But knows through day-light hours,
They dare not ope their dewy eyes
Unto the bright and dazzling skies ?

Till when the lengthened shadows fall
Like soft dreams o'er the earth,
And all around a Sabbath reigns
As at creation's birth,
They burst the magic bonds of day,
And greet with smiles the sun's last ray.

The boy had learned their secret, and
Ever at eventide,
A willing student, he was found
Amid that garden wide,
Conning with a mysterious look,
This mystic page in nature's book.

And now he stood, fit sentinel
Among that sleeping band ;
His blue eyes raised, his lips apart,
Blossoms on either hand,
Gazing upon the sinking urn,
Whose lamp had almost ceased to burn.

Oh! beautiful it was to see
The changes of his face,
When as the centre-ball dropped fast
Through ether's liquid space,
He peeped into each golden cup,
And softly whispered, "Now wake up!"

And as he breathed his holy spell
O'er every primrose fair,
And saw how all their petals stirred,
As if in secret prayer,
He cried, "the flowers have oped their eyes,"
And laughed outright in sweet surprise.

Happy enthusiast! how I yearned
To share his fancy wild!
If for one hour, I could but be
A simple little child,
Methinks not all earth's treasures then
Could buy me to grow old again.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

MY God! I bless thy power,
That gave this Sabbath hour,
Of pure and perfect peace unto my soul;
When, free from earth-born care,
Strengthened by praise and prayer,
I've added one brief step to thee, my goal.

Bright was its early morn,
When from sweet sleep, fresh born,
 I welcomed in this best day of the seven ;
Methought that all around
There reigned a calm profound,
 As if earth held communion high with heaven.

Pleasant the church-bell's strain,
When in one household chain,
 Linked closely by religion's silver cord,
With hearts that in us burned,
Unto thy shrine we turned,
 To offer willing incense to the Lord.

Oh ! thou wast with me there,
I felt thy presence near,
 When the full music rose in anthem swell,
And when devotion's glow
Warmed the soul's pulses low,
 And when the words of inspiration fell.

And now, yon evening star,
First-born of worlds afar,
 Looks down, like angel, with its eye of love,
And a still sense of rest
Nestles within my breast,
 And folds me, like the pinions of a dove.

Earth's longings knock in vain,
Admittance to obtain,
 Within this Sabbath-chamber of the mind,

To-day its portals rise,
Oped to no vanities,
For none but sacred guests an entrance find.

Here, tearful hope doth turn,
And from her quenchless urn,
Fills with sweet waters all the depths of soul,
And faith, to heaven allied,
Throws life's clay bars aside,
And shows the glory of the extended whole.

Oh! lamp that lights man's way,
Oh! blessed Sabbath day,
Why must the healing of thy beams depart?
And this world's restless schemes,
Its vain and empty dreams,
Again usurp their influence o'er this heart?

Creator! Father! Friend!
My pilgrim steps attend,
And lead me safe to that celestial clime,
Where, seen through death's thin sphere,
These Sabbaths will appear
Like bright stars in the firmament of time.

THE CORONATION OF VICTORIA.—A SKETCH.

It was a joyous day, in London old,
When with the early dawn, a countless throng,
Roused by the pealing bells and cannon bold,
And their own restless spirits, moved along,

In one huge billow, to that ancient fane,
 Beneath whose marble aisles and pillars wide,
The land's high chiefs, the heroes of the main,
 Rank, learning, beauty, slumber side by side,—
Fit Mausoléum for a nation's pride.

Its stately doors were opened : and within
 The flower of British chivalry had met ;
And all that this glad festival could win
 From sister shores, or climes more distant yet,
Was theirs to number. Knights of proud degree,
 From Europe's farthest confines crowded fast,
In varied splendour ; while Columbia free,
 Found sons, who, o'er the Atlantic gladly past,
A willing tribute on this shrine to cast.

And 'neath full crimson draperies, fringed with gold,
 Reclined the beauteous daughters of the Isle,
Their satin vestments rich at every fold
 With starry gems, that shed through that vast pile,
A rainbow lustre. Matrons' eyes beamed bright,
 That ne'er before had oped to morn's first ray,
And maiden's cheeks were flushed with wild delight,
 That, in calm rest, on silken pillows lay,
Nor felt Aurora's kiss ere that blest day.

And wherefore came they ? why this costly heap
 Of Earth's vain glitter 'neath this sainted dome ?
As if the *living* thoughtlessly would keep
 Strange masquerade, within the *dead's* still home.
And why, in place of the deep organ's strain,
 Is heard the ringing note of clarion shrill,
Wounding the throbbing ear almost to pain,

Yet ere far echo's answer is quite still,
Sounding again, with an electric thrill ?

It may be, in this place of tombs, they meet,
To lay the first stone of some trophy new,
Like those, by which high Art *here* held her seat
All undisputed, till this Abbey grew
To be its Country's heir-loom ; or perchance,
But for the cloudlessness of every brow,
One might well deem, that through its wide expanse,
They bear the ashes of some warrior now,
Who, to no other stroke, save death's, would bow.

Hush ! hark ! that music, as it floats along,
With chords triumphant to the vaulted height !
While modulated voices, sweet, yet strong,
Welcome, in choral chant, the festal rite ;
And now, through that crown-arched and pillared shrine,
A fair young maiden moves, with measured tread,
And every eye is fixed with gaze benign,
Where, at the altar, with religious dread,
She bends, before Heaven's throne, her queenly head.

Daughter of Monarchs ! ah ! methinks 'tis well,
Thus, in this hour of triumph, to repose
Thy trust in Him, with whom all might doth dwell,
The King above all Kings ! who, only, knows
Whether the future, which before thee lies,
In one long vista, steeped with sunny rays,
May not in its far depths, wear gloomy skies,
Till through misfortune's dim and tearful haze,
This day will seem the darkest of life's days.

Blessings be on her! is the voiceless prayer
Of thousands, as she lifts her youthful form
From that heart-worship, and now standing there,
Receives with grace, the recognition warm
Of chiefs, the best and mightiest in the land;
While far above the drum and trumpets high,
Blent with the martial music of the band,
Bursts from that multitude, both far and nigh,
“God save Victoria!” in one thunder-cry.

And when the oft-repeated shout had ceased,
That shook the heavy banners, all around,
And from the sacred page, the white-coped priest
Had fitting words of inspiration found,
The anointing oil is brought, and on her brow,
And open palms, the mystic cross is traced,
While full-robed bishops, from the altar now,
Bear her the spurs, and sword with gems enchased,
Which she again returns, in scabbard cased.

Then o'er her neck, a princely vassal throws
The royal mantle, with pure ermine lined,
And the rich ring, upon her white hand, glows,
Which, with slight clasp, the sceptre holds entwined,
Till every voice is raised in honest pride,
When on her bright, young head, the crown is set,
While, like a light'ning flash, on either side,
From bare-browed peers, and dames, together met,
Gleams, in full host, each upraised coronet.

A pause between!—amid that silence deep,
The holy man breathes benediction clear,

And ere the "*Amen*" closes, music's sweep,
 In loud *Te Deum*, breaks upon the ear :
Just then, through the wide casement's tinted glass,
 A sudden sunburst bathes her glittering crown,*
 Lending such lustre to its jewel-mass,
 It seemed some galaxy of stars let down,
 To give to Albion's heiress, fresh renown.

And be the omen blest : oh ! cherished flower !
 Sunbeam of hope ! to hall and cottage home,
 Long mayst thou bloom in England's guarded bower,
 Nor meet the tempest-cloud in years to come.
 Thine hour of fate is near, oh ! may it prove
 A lot so bright, that age to coming age,
 Shall give thee as a model, which shall move
 Sages to write thy name, on history's page,
 As thy PROUD *Country's* PROUDEST *heritage*.

S U S A N .

I SAW her last, the fair young girl, upon God's holy day,
 And marked the serious thought that on her frolic features
 lay,
 As near her happy sire she sat, and coned with lips of rose,
 In whispered tones, the Scripture-page, which her loved pas-
 tor chose,
 And little did I deem that one, so full of life and grace,
 Would yield so soon her childhood's charms, unto the
 grave's embrace.

*As the *Te Deum* ended, a bright sun-beam broke through the cloud-
 ed sky, and fell on the Queen's crown.

'Twas hard to give their eldest up ! alas ! we feel, we know,
How heavy on her parents' hearts has fallen the stunning
 blow,
Who, but so lately, did resign two buds of beauty rare,
And now with chastened joy watched o'er the loving sister-
 pair,
Who grew 'neath the domestic roof, like flowers upon one
 stem ;
Ah ! sad it was to think that death could come and sever
 them.

Yet with the child " 'tis well," for ere her soul unfurled its
 wing,
Religion's hand had sweetly touched her gentle spirit's string,
And oft she breathed her customed prayer and Sabbath
 lessons o'er,
Nor e'en when strange mysterious pain had touched the
 mental core,
Did she forget those simple hymns, whose links had daily
 twined,
Like strands of spotless pearl, around the tablet of her mind.

Oh ! yes, *'tis well with her*, and though strong grief with
 victor-power,
May, o'er her mourning household band, with darksome
 shadows lower,
Yet soon the sunbeam, *faith*, shall burst across their clouded
 sky,
And wiping every needless tear, and hushing every sigh,
They'll say, *'twas well for us*, that we our sinless one have
 given,
While yet her soul was like a lute, already tuned for
 Heaven.

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

“HE comes! prepare the way!
Make through the desert drear,
Where noisome evils long held sway,
An even path, and clear,
And let each rugged mountain bow,
And every valley lift her brow.”

’Twas thus the herald cried,
Through that far Eastern land,
When ’neath gay banners waving wide,
With hosts on either hand,
The purple-robed and jewelled king,
Moved through his realms, a guarded thing.

’Twas thus the prophet’s voice
Announced, in words of power,
That caused sad Zion to rejoice
The coming of that hour,
When he, the conqueror, all sublime,
Should visit their benighted clime.

The Gospel music sounds,
“E’en now the Saviour’s come!
Let every heart, through earth’s wide bounds,
Prepare a fitting home,
And offer him, on bended knee,
A grateful welcome, full and free.”

He’s come! awake! my soul,
From thy lethargic sleep,

And scan with caution close, the whole
Of life's recesses deep,
And mark what heavy evils throng
The road that he must pass along.

Behold ! the monster *doubt*,
Crouching in yonder den ;
Oh ! arm thee ! hasten ! drive him out,
By might of *prayer*, and then,
Beseech the angel *faith* to wait
As watchman, at the oft-tried gate.

Lo ! cold *indifference* there,
Grows to a mountain height,
And like a giant, casts in shade
Salvation's valley bright ;
Work boldly at its fearful base,
Till *love's* bright sunshine bathe the place.

Here *pleasure's* treacherous sands
Have choked the stream of *peace*,
That once shone like a silver strand,
Yet now doth well nigh cease ;
Go, cleanse it at the well-spring true,
Till its cool waters gush anew.

Root up these poison weeds
Of *vice*, that spread around
A Upas blight, and sow the seeds
Of *virtue* in their ground,
And glowing flowers will soon appear,
If nourished by repentance' tear.

Oh! Helper! God! be nigh,
 And lighten all our care,
 Nor let the soul's pure ardour die,
 Ere we Christ's path prepare,
 But keep the sacred flame awake,
 Not for our own, but Jesus' sake.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

How caust thou say to one who loves like me,
 Thou hast no hope?—MISS BAILLIE.

The storm hath been with me, and I am left
 Toro and uprooted.

“WHY wilt thou spurn my suit, sweet Isabel,
 And turn thus coldly from my theme of love,
 As if on thy unwilling spirit fell
 A grating cadence: Tell me what doth move
 Thy gentle heart unto this gush of tears,
 That seems an answer to my soul's worst fears?”
 Thus breathed a hapless lover, as he leant
 By a fair maiden's side, and gazed, oppressed,
 Upon her high, pale brow, where shadows blent
 In quick succession, till her o'er-fraught breast
 Curbed its full flood of grief, and on his ear,
 These accents fell, like music, low yet clear.

“Oh! deem not that I spurn thee; for although
 My heart can yield no sympathy to thine,
 Yet still the sigh *will* rise, the tear *will* flow,
 That love so vain and fruitless should be mine.

I thank thee for thy words ; although in vain
They seek to bind my feelings' shattered sheaf,
And o'er my soul no stronger influence gain,
Than on an ice-sea, sunbeams chill and brief.

Thou seek'st to know the past ? alas ! for me,
That I should open all its secret cells ;
And stir anew each bitter fount, for thee,
That touched by memory's wand, too quickly swells :
That I should paint again each sunny scene,
That once my morning walk of life beguiled,
And conjure up, as pleasures that have been,
Each budding hope, that on my pathway smiled.

My early days, ah ! even now they throw
A sickly light upon my spirit's gloom ;
And shed within this breast a chastened glow,
Like flowers, that meekly blossom on the tomb :
They float along existence' current, as
A green leaf mid a dark and stormy sea ;
I may not give it shelter, for alas !
The dove of peace can find no ark with me.

Strong memories fill my brain. They crowd, they throng,
As former guests in a deserted hall ;
Yet 'mid that host of feelings, deep and strong,
One mighty master-passion governs all :
I *loved*, and in that wild'ring dream of mine,
There seemed no sacrifice too hard to make,
But as a pilgrim at some sainted shrine,
I spent my heart's wealth, for a mortal's sake.

We grew together; and as tendrils cling
Unto the stem as with a sense of love,
So in my girlhood, every secret spring
Of feeling seemed round him alone to move,
As to a centre. *He* it was that made
The sabbath of my joys, and I begun
Life, in a world in endless spring arrayed,
And where his presence formed a *second* sun.

Soon he became my idol. Not content
With a free gift of *love*, I sounded deep
The springs of *mind* within, and careless spent
Untiring days and nights half robbed of sleep,
In the dim haunts of science. All gave way
Unto my panting spirit; till methought
Soul answered soul, and 'neath the magic sway
Of that delicious truth, all toil was nought.

Fresh founts of bliss were opened. Need I tell
Of all the pleasures of those gone-by days?
My heart glanced like a feather, and there fell
A light, that almost pained me with its blaze.
He was forever near, and could I ask
For spoken words to tell me that he loved?
Oh! no, I silenced thought, and laid a mask
On each slight doubt, that o'er my spirit moved.

* * * * *

I woke from that bright dream. It was a night
Of pleasant autumn, and our mansion rung
With gladsome music, while a flood of light
Lit my paternal hall, where garlands hung

Of flowers that vied with Nature's. Mid a throng,
Formed of the gallant and the gay, I stood,
Catching each tone of adulation strong,
Though flattery's accents unavailing sued.

'Twas for *his* step I listened. It was nought
That others claimed me in the dance's maze,
Or bowed, as if in worship, while they sought
To win me to repeat my country's lays.
I swept my harp's deep strings, but cold it fell,
Waking no answering tone within my soul ;
My feet kept time with music, while a spell
Of utter listlessness upon me stole.

In vain I sought his presence. Could I stay
Amid that scene of recklessness and glee,
Where all but mocked my loneliness ? away
I broke from the gay revellers, suddenly,
And sought the balcony, where moonlight's wing
Curtained the sleeping waters, far below,
And life seemed resting like a weary thing,
Lulled by the music in its distant flow.

My heart had known no grief ; and oh ! the blight,
The bitter pang that came with that first doubt ;
I questioned if he loved me, and no light
To cheer me, from the past, now glimmered out.
All broke upon my mind ; each word, each look,
The very changes of his speaking face,
I read it *all* as in a lettered book,
And felt of love returned, there was no trace.

Alas! that was not all. I could have borne
Yet to live on, in worship, oh! too vain,
And like a precious talisman have worn
Love's fetter, though its thrall but gave me pain;
I could have hoarded up a wealth of thought,
And mused of him by day, and dreamt by night,
Thus feeding the pure flame, that he had taught
Unwittingly to burn with such clear light.

But that too was denied me. Not alone
I stood in that deep stillness. *He was there!*
And *one* leaned on his arm. The moonbeams shone
Like silver o'er her garments, and her fair
And slender fingers in his own were laid,
As with averted brow, she meekly stood,
Catching his accents, till their warmth betrayed,
Through her transparent cheek, the crimson blood.

Oh! the strange waywardness of woman's heart!
My very brain was seared, and yet I hung
Upon each burning word, nor could depart
Until each tie was broken that had strung
Hope's gems within my bosom. I knew all!
The past was sealed to me. My future life
Lay like a wreck, beneath whose darksome pall,
Wild passions held a long and wasting strife.

Once more I sought the hall. Its wide expanse
Seemed like a sepulchre with torches lit;
And graceful forms moved by me in the dance,
As phantoms that amid the grave yard flit.
My spirit shadowed all; and yet with proud
And throbbing pulse, I tutored up my frame,

And though I met his glance amid the crowd,
I quelled my bursting heart, and *looked* the same.

Yet, wherefore tell the rest.? It little seemed
My lip had granted utterance even to this ;
Enough ! he loved *another*, and *I* deemed
Life, with its every change, a weariness ;
And yet I scorned my love, and buried deep
The poisoned arrow in my being's core ;
And nerved myself to steel, and would not weep,
Though passion's secret founts were gushing o'er.

Then speak no more of love. I cannot wake
One echo-note upon my spirit's strings ;
And tell me not that lapsing years will break
The spell, that like a chain unto me clings.
Love may not be transplanted as a flower,
Which blooms, if tended well, in every clime ;
Its root is steadfast, and no earthly power
Can win it, all unmarred, a second time.

Thou should'st not prize this heart. It were no gain
To one so rich in feeling's wealth, as thou ;
All its deep treasure has been poured like rain,
And the worn soil can yield no harvest now.
What though my cheek may wear a healthful glow,
The canker-worm beneath its bloom doth lie ;
Life, like a bubble, soon must flash and go ;
“ Oh ! leave me, leave me, I have but to die.”

Her lover urged no further ; for each word
Blighted his hopes, like frost. He felt 'twas wrong
To wound her spirit more. And with a strong

Yet brief farewell, he asked not to be heard,
But sought amid life's busy scenes to elaim
Utter forgetfulness of self, until
Time, with its healing touch, awoke no thrill
Or memory of the past, and restless fame
Wrote a new title on his spirit free,
And stamped it with its signet strong, while she
Sat in her uncomplainingness; nor threw
The sunlight of her smile on earth anew,
But as some graceful floweret, partly won
From its frail stem, droops till its life is spent,
So on existence' broken reed, she leant
Till, like a snow-flake melting in the sun,
Still lovely, even to her latest breath,
Her earthly being was dissolved in death.

THE BLIND PASTOR.—A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

"Is there a church amid this mountain land?"
The traveller asked, as at a cottage door
He stayed his steps, and gazed on either hand,
At fields, that promised a full harvest's store.
The latch was quickly raised, and a fair face
Looked on him, beaming full of sweet surprise,
While a soft voice exclaimed, with ready grace,
"Oh! yes, and yonder, sir, the pathway lies."

With smiling thanks, the stranger turned to go,—
But now a group of young ones gathered round,
And loudly pleaded that they all might show
Where their own dear loved temple could be found.

“For much we fear,” they cried, “that he will not
Choose the right track, but haply wander by ;”
Till even the traveller paused upon the spot,
Pleased with their artless aim at charity.

The matron smiled upon each suppliant gay,
And with grave accents, in an under tone,
Bade them remember ’twas God’s holy day,
And much she charged the happy group, that none
Should lose the text, but with attentive care,
Retain its sense, then bade them onward move,
While watching their young steps, she lingered there,
Bound to her threshold by the spell of love.

Like sportive fawns, they hurried down the steep,
And led the way, by rock and wood and hill,
And o’er a pebbly brook, that seemed to keep
A converse low, monotonous and still,
Unto a flowery slope, upon whose height
A simple fane arose in sunlight’s glow,
While its own semblance, made by contrast bright,
Gleamed in the watery ravine below.

The spot was very beautiful. Old trees,
Like hoary patriarchs, formed a background dark
To the bright under-growth, from which the breeze
Rifled sweet flower-scents, while the eye might mark,
Through a green arch by opening woodlands formed,
The outline of a mountain-top, that rose,
Wrapt in its snow-robe, ne’er by sunbeams warmed,
Like a lone spirit taking its repose.

Here, heavy silence held her mystic reign ;
And while the children sought each 'customed nook,
Where the blue violets nestled, or, like rain,
From the full vines the perfumed jasmines shook,
In the clear dimpling stream, the traveller lay
On the smooth velvet of this mountain-sod,
Waiting the scattered flock, who on this day,
Would meet to hold communion with their God.

And soon, by many a pathway's hidden bound,
Came group on group, who met with greetings clear,
Nor stayed their converse till a whispered sound
Told that the shepherd of the fold drew near ;
Then the loud bell rang out its sabbath chime,
Startling the children in their mirth's excess,
Till hand in hand, with measured step they climb
The ivied porch, and 'round their parents press.

The traveller entered with the throng, and soon
The spell of prayer had softened every heart ;
And when the hymn was raised, in well-known tune,
The tenderest voices took a modest part ;
And childhood's shrill, slight cadence mingled in
With a rich music-flood of culture free,
While many a hoary peasant sought to win
Fit echo to his soul's linked melody.

Sweet was that hymn and suited to the place,
Telling, in simple rhyme, of that first day,
When God said, " Be there light ! " and as the face
Of the storm-cloud quick brightens, light had sway ;
Till the wide, unformed void of earth and heaven
Was lambent with its pure, mysterious flood,

And this, the earliest boon to being given,
Was seen by the Creator to be good.

All felt the sacred influence of the hour,
And many an eye, that looked with careless glance
Upon the wide-spread landscape, now gazed o'er
The perfect loveliness of its expanse,
With an awakening feeling of deep bliss,
That mid the toils of their familiar sphere,
The Giver of the sight had stamped on this,
Their own loved, cherished home such beauty dear.

But soon all selfish pleasure was forgot,
And sympathy o'ershadowed every brow
For one among them, to whose earthly lot
Had fallen a night-like blindness, and who now,
Struggling with strong emotion, bent his head
As lost in heavy thought, till in the excess
Of wo, that o'er his spirit darkly spread,
He wrung his hands, as if in bitterness.

'Twas the blind preacher ! On his youthful cheek
Consumption's seal had set its certain stamp ;
And o'er his blue-veined forehead, pale and meek,
The dark hair lay in masses, soft and damp,
While like some sudden storm, that sweeps the lake,
Which erst spread out, so peacefully and still,
A gush of fearful feeling seemed to shake
His slender frame, as to an ague-chill.

But the dark cloud passed o'er, and he arose
Amid a hush of silence deep and long ;

And with each feature calmed to sweet repose,
He raised his sightless orbs in fervour strong ;
And clasping, as in rapture, to his breast
The sacred volume prized, though never read,
In accents full of ecstasy supprest,
“ GOD IS MY LIGHT,” with beaming smile he said.

Oh ! how a word can stir the fountain up,
That wells undying in each human frame ;
Like the pure drops from some full water-cup,
So sympathy in crystal torrents came ;
And while with earnest, yet collected mien,
The holy man explained his touching text,
Tears gushed like rain, from souls that long had been
Calm as some stream, by breezes never vexed.

Till when with winning tenderness he strove
To rouse them from their moral darkness, and
In tones that melted with excess of love,
Pleaded for all among that mountain band ;
Then full of voiceless prayer each mother gazed
In thoughtful hope upon her children bright,
And old men, with unwonted fervour, raised
The heart-felt vow, that God should be their light.

“ Blessings be on him !” was the thought that rose
From all that parting host, as with slow tread
He moved through the full aisle to seek repose
Till evening service, in the woods that spread
Unseen, around him ; while a youthful crowd
Followed his footsteps, and with artless grace
Tendered him sweet wild blossoms, truly proud,
When the blind pastor stroked each blushing face.

“Blessings be on them!” was the traveller’s prayer,
In kindly farewell to the little group
Who, now that they had safely led him there,
Prest gaily after the young, flower-decked troop.
“Blessings be on them, for a Sabbath morn,
“More filled with aspirations after heaven,
“And firm resolves of holy purpose born,
“Than e’er before unto my soul were given!”

THE SKIES.

THE skies! the festal skies
Of a laughing summer’s morn!
Some love the dazzling glory
That with their light is born,
And gaze, with ravished sense, upon
The shadowless expanse,
Where not one tissued cloud is seen
To dim its radiance.

While others joy to catch
The fulness of its smile,
When at his evening portal,
The Day God rests awhile,
To tint with matchless colouring
The ether’s fluid tide,
That round this prison sphere of ours
Floods out on either side.

And midnight’s solemn sky,
Like a blue curtain hung,

And studded with bright star-gems,
As diamonds yet unstrung,
Is filled through its wide concave
With echoes of the strain,
Breathed out by hosts of worshippers
From earth's extended fane.

Each has its charm, but oh !
Not such, not such for me ;
Morn's skies reveal a brightness
That wakes too much of glee ;
Eve's firmament too holy seems
For unison with earth,
And oft beneath still midnight's vault,
Wild, startling thoughts have birth.

Oh ! rather would I choose,
If but the choice were mine,
Those skies, where cloud and sunshine
In fitfulness combine,
Where mid-day's glare is softened, as
By sudden phantom-wings,
And through night's net work veil, the stars
Look down, like loving things.

The heart ! the human heart !
How, everywhere, it turns
To drink in blessed sympathy
From nature's mystic urns ;
And ah ! methinks no emblem
Is fitter found for life,
With all its changes, than a sky
Where light and shade hold strife.

VESPERS AT THE ORPHAN-HOUSE.

'Twas that verdant season, the sweet May time,
And St. Michael's clock struck the vesper chime,
When we passed along, through the entrance wide,
To gaze awhile on our City's pride,
The Orphan's Asylum, and look within,
On the young buds saved from sorrow and sin.

'Twas a glorious eve, for the sun went down
In garments of purple, and golden crown,
And the new moon shone like a silver boat,
As through the blue ether, it seemed to float,
And the city spread out, as fresh and gay,
As a child just drest for a holiday.

We reached the large hall ; 'tis a pleasant place,
Spacious, yet furnished with simple grace,
And we stood to gaze from the windows wide,
On the garden that stretched on either side,
With a carpet of green, just fit to be
The scene for a fairy's revelry.

'Twas a pretty spot, for the flowers were born,
And the flexile shrubs, and the springing corn,
Toyed with the breezes, and breathed a low tone,
As dreamy and sad as a spirit's moan,
While in the short vista, the Chapel rose,
Where the waving willows the prospect close.

The picture was peopled, for hand in hand,
Down the pebbly walk came the orphan band,

And the sight was touching, to mark each face,
As they entered and took their 'customed place
In that airy hall, where each eve, they wend
To pray unto God, their Father and Friend.

And when all was still, an elder boy past,
From the small host that had gathered so fast,
And read, in clear cadence, the evening prayer,
While the young ones listened with earnest care,
And methought 'mongst all, that I found out two,
Of the fairest faces I ever knew.

One was a girl, with a dark, brilliant eye,
And a full, rich lip stained with crimson high
As the red rose wears, while her restless feet,
Ever in motion, seemed eager to meet
The bright play ground, where the song of the bird,
Through the lifted casement, was ceaseless heard.

And close by her side, leaned a younger child,
Six summers on her had scarce frowned or smiled;
A beautiful creature, she was, in truth,
Yet it grieved me to see, in early youth,
A forehead so veiled in a cloud of care,
As hers seemed to be, as she stood up there.

Meekly she listened, her fingers locked fast
On her tiny breast, with the dark lash cast
Like a pencil mark, on her downy cheek,
That flushed full oft, with a faint pink streak,
Like the delicate lining of ocean's shell,
Then went, ere its colour was known quite well.

I caught not her glance, for she seemed to shrink
 From a stranger's notice, but yet I think
 Her eyes were violet, for once from the lid,
 She brushed the big tear, and half seen, half hid,
 The eye beamed out, like a misty star,
 Making me dream of some world that's afar.

And now when the prayer by the boy was read,
 "*Our Father, who art in heaven,*" was said,
 And all those young voices, in concert rose,
 Like many stringed harps, till the Amen's close;
 Mournful, yet sweet, they fell on my ear,—
 And I could have wept, as I listened there.

The rite was finished, and once more the throng
 Of youthful worshippers passed along
 To the evening meal, while fast through my mind,
 A thousand thoughts sought their current to find—
 And my fancy read, with a busy eye,
 The lot of each on the future's sky.

One noble boy! oh! I see him now,
 With that open look and transparent brow,
 Where the signet, *truth*, broke clear on my gaze—
 That shone as the sun, through a crystal vase,
 And his graceful figure, whose every part,
 Was a perfect model for sculpture's art.

I read his fate, 'twas a glorious one,
 For methought I looked till its course was run,
 And I saw not a shadow to mar the whole
 Of the light that beamed from his tutored soul,

But he moved right on, in the strength of mind,
Shedding a radiance o'er human mind.

And another yet, and another passed,
Their lots were varied—some climbed the mast—
Others were soldiers, while many more,
The love of change from their homestead bore,
To some fertile soil, where contentment's root
Bears ever a harvest of golden fruit.

And those gentle beings, so young and frail,
I'd have kept them ever in childhood's pale,
But woman's lot was upon them all,
And mingled with snatches of music-fall
I caught the low sighings of toil and care,
And of wasted love, ah! too large a share.

Too sad was my dream, and I felt as pent
In some prison cave, where no light had vent ;
Till suddenly Hope, with her magic hand,
Hung out a bright rainbow o'er fancy's land,—
And with chastened feelings, I could but say,
“God bless you, all!” and then turned away.

H Y M N .

ALAS! amid this wide-spread earth,
There is not one from error free ;
But all, or high or low their birth,
Must place, great God, their hope in thee.

My thoughtless soul, why would'st thou turn,
And on this world repose thy trust ?
It *must* deceive, and soon thou'lt learn
The precious fabric was but dust.

Go ! hasten to the Saviour's feet,
And bathe them with thy gushing tears ;
Perchance that voice thine ear may greet,
Which whispered *peace* to Mary's fears.

Or if, like Peter, thou would'st hide
The late repentant agony,
Even though thou hast him thrice denied,
Jesus will still remember thee.

Yes, now, my soul, this course begin,
And have thy every sin forgiven ;
Press on ! press on ! the prize to win,
A safe, though lowly seat in heaven.



THE CHURCH BY MOON-LIGHT.

I VIEWED its image, and I woke from sleep
In the still hour of mid-night. There it stood,
Bathed in the mellow moon-beam's silver flood,
Like some mysterious presence sent to keep
A vigil o'er earth's slumbers. Clustering trees,
Swayed by the passing pinion of the breeze,
Shadowed its archéd windows, and made moan,
Fitful yet plaintive, 'mong the tombs, that shone
As spirits in the moon-light ; while on high,

Like a slight finger, pointing to the sky,
The lofty tower arose, and distanced wide
The clustering roofs of men. There was a spell,
Holy and deep, and unto Heaven allied,
In the whole scene, and on my mind, it fell
With a most grateful influence. Methought,
It was a truth with blessed import fraught,
That 'neath the empty current of this earth,
There runs an under stream of sacred love,
Setting Jehovah's temples far above
The palaces that man most counts in worth,
A fitting tribute, touching and sublime,
Amid the countless vanities of time.

"THERE IS A TIME TO DIE."—SOLOMON.

THOUGH thy morn of life be bright with beams,
And pleasures flow in glittering streams,
Though light winged hope may bear thee on,
And bid all care and pain begone ;
Yet listen to the low, the thrilling cry,
That tells thee oft, "there is a time to die."

When the hand of grief hath veiled from sight
Joy's rainbow mantle of dazzling light,
When the once loved page thy mind doth pall,
And Nature looks like a mockery all,
Then spread thy bosom to the searching spy,
That calls, "prepare ! there is a time to die."

Ah ! death's keen arrow oft flies in vain,
Oft conscience mourns in unheeded strain,
The grave breathes forth an opiate breath,
That lulls to slumber all thought of death ;
Heed not the smiling of man's joyous lie,
For now, even now, may be "the time to die."

S O N G .

THE form is now light-hearted,
That once by grief was bound ;
The smile that had departed,
Its former home hath found ;
And on that cheek so blighted,
Fresh rose-leaves seem inlaid,
By joyous dimples lighted ;
What hath such changes made ?

Go, watch the suubeam's power
Upon that moss-tuft deep,
From which, in one short hour,
The blue-eyed violets peep ;
Go, mark the stream that windeth
Through the dry, thirsting glade,
Fit emblems *there* man findeth :
Love hath such changes made.

LINES ON THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

Oh ! give it to its God !
The bright and stainless flower,
Too fair for earthly sod,
Will deck an Angel's bower ;
Ere sin one leaf hath riven,
Or sorrow cast one shade,
Go, plant it safe in Heaven,
For *there* it *may* not fade.

Oh ! give it to its God !
The harp so deeply strung,
Doth need a master-hand,
Its silver cords among ;
Though love full pains did take
Its music to prolong,
Yet *only* Heaven can wake
Its most ecstatic song.

THE MORNING HOUR.

THE morning hour ! the morning hour !
How light and fleet her dewy wings,
As stealing from night's dreamy bower,
Her rainbow robe around she flings.
And mid the hills and valleys peeping,
With sparkling smile and accents sweet,
She wakes the bashful flowers, that sleeping
With half closed eyes, her presence greet.

Each joyous bird is on the wing,
Its matin song of thanks to pay,
While tenants of the ether spring,
With ceaseless hum, to meet the day;
And bursting leaves are gaily dancing,
Upon their pure and crystal stems,
And every cradled bud is glancing,
In new and pearl-set diadems.

How still the scene! the murmuring rill
Scarce tells the zephyr's oar is nigh;
And the soft echo from the hill
Just lifts its dreamy voice so high,
As if some angel form descending
Towards the bright and laughing earth,
O'er Nature's fair enchantment bending,
Whispered a note to hail its birth.

The morning hour! the morning hour!
Who would not own her magic spell,
That e'er of sin had felt the power,
Or pined 'neath sorrow's darksome cell?
The dews of peace and hope distilling,
She bids each holy thought expand,
And sheds a light so clear and thrilling,
The earnest of a brighter land.

Oh! would we search through Nature's book,
And seek to read her purest page,
Or 'mid the depths of knowledge look,
Each baneful passion to assuage;

Their richest gifts could scarce suffuse,
With cheering beam, the clouds that lower,
Or lend to life such fairy hues,
As thy calm smile, oh ! morning hour.

THE FAIRY-BUTTERFLY.

SISTER Mary, sister Mary, oh ! come and take a peep,
At this pretty little butterfly, that's lying fast asleep,
With a dew-drop for its pillow, and a rose-leaf for its bed,
And a sprig of myrtle waving, like a curtain, o'er its head.

Now don't you recollect that long and pleasant tale
Which Brother told us yesterday ? Your memory cannot
fail,
Of a beautiful young fairy, with robe of green and gold,
And diamond crown that glistened with hidden wealth un-
told.

How she left her Father's bower, one brilliant summer's day,
Enticed by evil genii, and wandered far away,
O'er sunny wood and streamlet, till wearied with the chase,
She sought, with fear and trembling, her homeward course
to trace.

And how, alas ! she hovered o'er every spot of earth,
But ne'er could find the region that gave her childhood
birth,
Though she sought it late and early, and tempted oft to
dwell
With friendly leaf or floweret, soon murmured a farewell.

Now, I am very certain that 'tis herself that's here,
 For through the live-long morning, I've followed far and near,
 The roving and inconstant thing ! just feel my aching brow,
 For such a game at hide and seek I never played till now.

Pray, put away that serious look, and Sister, lend your ear,
 That I may whisper secretly a plan you'll love to hear ;
 Hush ! hush ! she is a fairy ; we must be still as mice ;
 For though she was too giddy *once*, 'tis hard to cheat her
twice.

We'll make her now a prisoner, quite easily, no doubt,
 Till wearied with confinement, she'll let each secret out,
 And tell us all of fairy land, and that immortal stream,
 That sheds, they say, o'er youthful forms, a rich and lasting
 beam.

Come, help me then, dear Mary, but no ! it is too late,
 That wicked little fairy has left me to my fate ;
 With spelling book unopened, and work but just begun ;
 Alas ! alas ! how dear it costs to have a little fun.

ILLUSTRATION OF ST. LUKE—CHAP. VIII, VERSE 40.

“AND it came to pass, that when Jesus was returned, the people gladly received him, for they were all waiting for him.”

OH ! rich and touching picture, sketched with art,
 So simple, yet so mighty, that it glows
 Even through the mist and shade of ages past,
 With unpolluted tints ; and wins the soul,
 Sick with earth's tainting poison, far away

To where, like cooling waters, brightly shines
The distant landscape to the eye of mind.—
Waiting for him!—methinks I see them now,
The dense and ardent band, as fast they press
Close to the margin of that sunny lake,
Upon whose breast a snowy bark is seen,
Like some swift bird that skims the “upper deep,”
Coursing its way, so noiseless in its tread,
That even the ripple that around it plays,
Just meets the eye, then sinks again to rest,—
And now it gently glides, with half-furled wing,
Into a sheltered nook; while from its side,
A form of grace majestic passes forth;
And as he meets each glad and raptured gaze,
And catches words of welcome from each lip,
A tide of holy sympathy and love
Seems gushing from his spirit, and in tones
Of magical and life-bestowing power,
And smiles, that beam like sunlight through each soul,
He pours a fervent blessing on the group.—
Closer they gather round him: Childhood’s eye,
With simple confidence and fearless joy,
Looks up to greet him; while decrepid age,
With hoary brow and slow and faltering step,
Moves as if led by some resistless spell,
And with an eager and imploring glance,
Seeks for his precious presence. Stern disease
Yields up awhile the thralldom of its sway,
And, as it meets his kind and soft regard,
Shakes off each doubt that rested on its soul,
And breathes a murmured “Jesus!”—All look up
To speak him welcome:—Then the seal’d lip,
That once had moved in mockery of sound,

From its full prison-house of thought pours out
 Its blessings fast; the eye, that long had read
 A darkened scroll, now roams, with wondering gaze,
 And drinks an age of rapture in that glance;
 The ear, that held no sympathy with sound,
Now, on its fresh strung harp, strange music makes;
 And forms, that once had bowed in hopeless woe,
 Now leap and shout in their new girded strength.
 That group hath past away! Yet, Saviour, grant
 That at thy second coming, *we*, like them,
 May look beyond death's dread dividing sea,
 Nor shrink at thine approach; but, strong in faith,
 With passport written with repentance' pen,
 And brow unblanched, and rapture undefiled,
 May press to Jordan's banks, and eager stand,
Waiting for thee!

THE LAST PLACE OF SLEEP.

LAY me not in green-wood lone,
 Where the sad wind maketh moan,
 Where the sun hath never shone,
 Save as if in sadness;
 Nor, I pray thee, let me be
 Buried 'neath the chill, cold sea,
 Where the waves, tumultuous, free,
 Chafe themselves to madness.

But in yon enclosure small,
 Near the church-yard's mossy wall,
 Where the dew and sunlight fall,
 I would have my dwelling;

Sure, there are some friends, I wot,
Who would make that narrow spot
Lovely as a garden plot,
 With rich perfumes swelling.

Let no costly stone be brought,
Where a stranger's hand hath wrought
Vain inscription, speaking nought
 To the true affections ;
But, above the quiet bed,
Where I rest my weary head,
Plant those buds, whose perfumes shed
 Tenderest recollections.

Then, as every year, the tide
Of strong death bears to my side
Those, who were by love allied,
 As the flowers of summer ;
Sweet to think, that from the mould
Of my body long since cold,
Plants of beauty shall enfold
 Every dear new-comer.

THE BLIND BOY.

AND thou art blind, poor boy ! the sun is shedding
 A golden glow upon thy hidden way,
And all things, full of loveliness, are spreading
 Their gayest charms to meet the Eye of Day ;
Yet there is nought but shadow in thy mind,
Alas ! I grieve for thee, that thou art blind.

Fresh breezes blow around; the clouds are waking
The sleeping ether with their foot-tread light;
And insect tribes, on silvery wings, are taking
Towards its depths of blue, their airy flight,
And bird, and butterfly, and blooming flower,
In every garden, seem to greet the hour.

'Tis holiday abroad. Bright, childish faces
Form fair and lovely groups at every door,
And many a tiny foot the path-way traces,
That leads to social pleasures yet in store;
Yet on *thou* movest, with a measured glide,
Nor turnest thy rayless eye on either side.

Art thou quite lone? oh! no, for thou art leaning
With touching confidence on a slight arm;
A child's soft glance doth look, with earnest meaning,
Up to thy face, and bids thee fear no harm;
Is she thy sister, that she shares thy lot,
So full of loneliness, yet murmurs not?

The careless prattler! how her lip is telling
Of every pretty thing that meets her sight;
Each passing show, and toy, and well-known dwelling,
All stir her little breast with new delight,
And reckless that this world to thee is nought,
She fills, with yearnings vain, thy cell of thought.

Would I were thy companion! 'Twere such pleasure
To learn the unknown language of thy heart,
And grow familiar with each secret treasure
Of thought, that in thy spirit must have part;

I would not read creation's sealed book,
 Since on its open page thou canst not look.

And yet I err; that guide so young and simple,
 Quite unaware, hath touched a pleasant theme;
 For on thy cheek there rests a playful dimple,
 As sports on some rich cloud, a sunlight beam;
 And by that happy smile, I know full well,
 There is no solitude, where love doth dwell.

Farewell to thee, blind boy! Mysterious Heaven
 Hath closed the outer door; yet to the shrine
 Of thought within, in mercy it hath given
 A stronger light; oh! guard the lamp divine,
 And though deep darkness veils this earthly sod,
 No change can come 'twixt thee and Nature's God.

WRITTEN BENEATH SOME WITHERED VIO- LETS IN A YOUNG GIRL'S ALBUM.

I TURNED the leaves, Justina, of this small but precious book,
 On each fair type of friendship or kindred love to look,
 Till, kept with seeming care, these violets came to view,
 And helped me to a moral, my little one, for you.

Justina! God has lent you a form of sylph-like grace,
 And tinted, in fresh colours, your young and childish face;
 But oh! remember, dearest, that in the *casket* lies
 A *gem* of nicer workmanship, than lip, or cheek, or eyes.

The *mind!* the *mind!* Justina, that is the priceless thing,
 That fadeth not, like beauty, beneath Time's ruthless wing;

But watched, as thine is fondly, by tender parents' love,
Will, to their dearest wishes, a plant perennial prove.

Then feed it well, Justina, and in your spring-time make
Each effort after knowledge, even for its own dear sake ;
And like these withered violets, that yet with sweets are rife,
'Twill steep with lasting perfume, the volume of your life.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

(From the French of Lamartine.)

WHAT do I hear ? The sacred bells resound !
What weeping group is this that stands around ?
For whom this chant and flambeau 'mid the gloom ?
Say, death, is it thy voice that strikes my ear
For the last time ?—ah ! then I must appear
Upon the borders of the darksome tomb—
Oh ! thou rich spark of a celestial flame,
Immortal tenant of a dying frame ;
Shake off thy fears ; death comes to set thee free ;—
Unfurl thy wings, my soul ;—unloose thy chains ;—
Lay down the burden of thy mortal pains.—
To die !—and can this be ?—
Yes ! time has ceased to mark its transient hours ;
Ye white winged seraphs from celestial bowers,
To what new palace would ye point my sight ?
Even now I bathe in fountains ever clear ;
Space grows before me ; and this earthly sphere,
Seems to my raptured gaze to take its flight.—
What sounds are those ?—Just when my soul would soar,
Sobs and deep groans detain me yet once more.
Oh ! loved companions, wherefore thus distressed,

When in the sacred cup, my eager lip
A healing balm for every wound doth sip,
And *in a heavenly port* I soon shall rest?

SONNET.—TO POESY.

“Was ich ohne dich ware, ich weiss es nicht.”—SCHILLER.

My soul is sad within me! Come once more
With healing in thy beams, oh! blessed star,
That shinest 'mid the darkness, from afar,
Yet brighter and more radiant, like some shore,
Where early light hath fallen, while all near
Is wrapt in misty mantle, chill and drear.
Come, messenger of Peace! for thou canst thrill
Life's stagnant waters, till they gush and flow,
And catch from thy pure glance, such magic glow,
That he, who doth his spirit with them fill,
Shall often turn, through life's continued link,
And at thy pleasant fountain freely drink,
Until these words shall come spontaneously,
“What would I be without thee, Poesy?”

LAY—SUMMER RAIN.

From hill and from valley,
I hear a glad strain,
And down the green alley,
'Tis echoed again;
What step falling lightly,
Makes all appear brightly?
'Tis the soft summer rain.

It comes, and a quiver
Of joy shakes the fane
Of woods, while the river
Bounds quick to the main;
And each leaf, caressing
Its spray, pours a blessing
On the soft summer rain.

The wild forest singer,
That weary had lain,
No longer doth linger,
But hastens to gain
A spot in the dingle,
Where the sweet notes mingle
Of the soft summer rain.

And flowers, that in sadness
Did droop 'neath the reign
Of the day-god, in gladness
Their brows lift again,
New beauties revealing,
To the presence, all-healing,
Of the soft summer rain.

TO A DEPARTING FRIEND.

FAREWELL! a blessing on the bark
That bears thee to thy distant home;
May nought but light and sunshine mark
Thy future course, where'er it roam.

Farewell ! and though indeed, ere long,
When gathered round thy homestead hearth,
Earth's dearest faces gladly throng,
And greet thee in their joyous mirth,—

It were too bold a thought in me,
To ask one note from memory's string :
Or even hope to be to thee,
More than a strange, forgotten thing—

Yet on the tablet of my breast,
Thy name shall have a hallowed place,
By deep remembrances imprest ;
Absence nor time shall mar its trace.

Oh ! yes, the blessed sabbath bells,
The spring-time earth, the sunny sea,
Each breathing from devotion's cell,
Shall wake a pleasant thought of thee.

Farewell ! would it had been my lot,
In early days to call thee friend ;
But now, just hallowed is the spot,
By meeting, like a dream to end.

Yet fare-thee-well ! though small the store
Of wealth, by retrospection given,
Yet oh ! 'twill but enhance the more
The joy of meeting thee in heaven.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HEMANS.

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!
Thus ever think of me;
Kindly and gently, but as of one,
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone,
As of a bird from a chain unbound;
As of a wanderer whose home is found;
So let it be.

Thus will we think of thee!
Pure spirit, that didst move
Bound on an angel-mission free,
From the blest courts above;
Mingling thine ever tuneful lyre
Of musings high,
With Nature's never ceasing choir,
Of earth, sea, sky;—
The gushing torrent, and the sunset fair,
The earth's bright jewelry, and the peopled air;
The ocean's silvery bound;
The midnight's calm profound;
The shadow-weaving twilight and the morn,
All, with a pencil dipt in Heaven's own lines, on thy full
page are borne.

Kindly and gently? Thou,
That like the trusting dove,
Mid life's dark, tempest waves didst bow,
To breathe thy strains of love!
Though for thy wearied foot
No place was found,
No plant of deathless root
Shed perfume round;

Yet for the faithful service thou hast done,
There floats an olive branch, a green and fadeless one !
 Emblem of hopes that rise
 Beyond earth's broken ties ;
Token, from hearts that catch a glimpse of heaven,
Even through grief's dark eclipse, by the clear light thy
 faith hath given.

Joy ! joy ! that thou art free !
 We would not ask thy stay,
Thou, who long soughtest to be
 In thine own land away ;
This Life was quite too cold and thin,
 For soul like thine ;
No fitting harvest couldst thou win
 From love's deep mine ;
Though we would fain have won thy treasures all,
Heaven called its own ; its own hath heard the call.
 Joy ! joy ! that thou art free !
 Daughter of melody !
Tune thy high anthem to an echo meet ;
The waiting angel hath swept o'er the strings, and found
 thy lyre complete.

PRAYER DURING THE BATTLE.

(From the German of Koerner.)

FATHER ! I call thee ;
The smoke of the cannon envelops my brow,
And the rattling lightning darts round me now ;
 Guide the fierce conflict, I pray thee ;
 Father ! be near me.

Father ! be near me ;
Lead me to victory ; lead me to death ;
Thy laws I acknowledge with life's failing breath ;
 Lord ! as thou wilt, so lead me ;
 God ! I perceive thee !

 God ! I perceive thee ;
When the pale leaf of autumn breathes its sad moan,
Or the battle-plain echoes each thundering tone ;
 Well-spring of mercy ! I see thee ;
 Thou, father, bless me.

 Thou, Father, bless me.
Life, with its treasures, I yield to thy hand ;
Thou hast bestowed it, 'tis thine to demand ;
 Yet living or dying, still bless me !
 Father ! I praise thee.

 Father ! I praise thee !
'Tis not for vain glory we rush to the fight ;
Our swords are unsheathed, in a cause just and right ;
 Falling or standing, I praise thee,
 God ! I submit to thee.

 God ! I submit to thee,
When the thunder of death my ear shall enchain,
And the life-blood gush forth from each opening vein,
 God ! I yield myself to thee ;
 Father ! I call thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

“ Friend after friend departs,
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end.”

“ So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a quoin in partition.”

ANOTHER ! yet another ! oh ! stern death,
 When will thy darts be spent ?—I little deemed
 Ere the new year had run a few, brief sands,
 That thou wouldst number 'mid the silent train
 That crowd thy shadowy halls, *one*, that did bask,
 (Even as a flower beneath a cloudless sky,)
 In love's pure atmosphere—whose happy path
 Seemed paved with sunbeams, and who late had twined
 The clasping tendrils of affections strong,
 Round a protecting stem ; I little deemed
 That thou, remorseless as thou art, wouldst tear
 That priceless treasure from the widowed arms
 Of *her*, who bore her ; and for all her care,
 And patient watchings, and unwearied prayers,
 Her sleepless nights and days of torturing hope,
 Give nought in payment, save the soothing balm
 Distilled from that calm faith, with which she turned
 Into the “ darksome valley,” and yet more,
 Far more, from the fair record that she left.
 To tell the story of her blameless life.—
 Catharine ! I grieve to lose thee. Thou, that wast
 The playmate of my childhood ; the best loved,
 Mid all that loving-band, how severed now !
 That met in youth's fresh season ; the twin-mind,

Yet always brightest found, when side by side
 We scanned the classic page, and sought to break,
 Through many an evening of divided toil,
 The mists that hung o'er knowledge ; the dear friend,
 Who trod in gay companionship the track
 To Learning's pleasant fane, when dewy morn
 Unfurled her rosy banner ; or at eve
 Went with me, arm in arm, with gladsome step,
 Towards the river's bank ; alas ! alas !
 I grieve indeed to lose thee !

What though fate
 Forbade, in after time, communion close,
 As once we loved to hold ; and distance wide
 Made our sweet meetings too like angel ones,
 But "few and far between ;" yet did we prize
 Each other's friendship-less ? oh ! no, not so :—
 By the free gush of pride, with which I marked
 Thy beauty and thy grace, when last we met,
 And by thy hand's warm pressure, and the kiss,
 Thou gavest at our parting, well I knew
 Thou lovedst me, even as thou didst at first.—
 Friend ! Friend ! the grave hath won thee : yet amid
 These tears that *must* have way, I joy to feel
 That we may meet again ; where death can plant
 No seeds of bitter sorrow ; in a Land,
 Whose flowers are never fading, and whose Sun
 Fed from the Fount of Love, knows no decline.
There we will walk together, as on earth,
 Through the free riches of Redeeming grace,
With nought to part us !

THE LONE STAR.

FROM restless sleep I woke. Dark dreams had prest
Heavy upon me, and mysterious thoughts
Of all things terrible, though undefined,
Had laid their chilling fingers on my heart,
Freezing the fount of life.

A sense of fearful loneliness hung o'er
My troubled spirit, till with stealthy tread
I sought the lifted casement to look out
Upon the midnight heavens ; for I loved
Their solemn beauty, and had learned to read
Their lettered volumes, till they grew to be
To my sad spirit, dear, familiar friends.—
But all was gloom. The wearied Queen of Night
Had sunk on her chill pillow, and the stars,
Those holy comforters, had turned away,
Nor left one foot-print of their shining feet
To guide bewildered thought. No sound was there,
Of dissonance or concord ; Silence sat
Upon her ancient throne, mid a deep hush
So boding and profound, that with each pulse,
Throbbing to fever wildness, I leaned forth,
As if to hear the spirits whispering.—
Just then, when Thought roved freest, and I stood
Gazing, half-conscious, on the sullen clouds,
That prest to the far East, a phantom-train,
Moving in mute procession ; when my mind
Was yielding to Imagination's sway,
And Reason trembled on her steadfast base,
A single star looked out—the blessed thing !
It looked half trembling, yet so sweetly clear,

Mid all that gloom and stillness, that I thought,
 (And even now I think, though days have past,)
 It was an angel's self that came to soothe
 And calm and comfort me, and then a voice,
 Soft as a seraph's note breathed in my ear,
 "*Trust but in heaven!*" and then I knelt and prayed
 Till the sealed fountains of my soul gushed forth,
 And I *was* comforted!—
 Through life that star shall guide me; though my path
 Should further lead mid darkness, and the spots
 Where memory loves to linger, may be few;
 Though earthly joys may vanish; and the blooms
 Of love and hope prove fruitless; yet with gaze,
 Steadfast, unchanging, I will look beyond
 The clouded *present*, to my guiding star,
 "*An humble trust in heaven!*"

CONVALESCENCE.

Surely 'tis a kind world I have returned to;
 There's sympathy and love in every heart.—MISS BAILLIE.

COME, Retrospection! with thy prism-glass
 Of rainbow dyes, and help me to retrace
 The sweets of Convalescence! Not that kind
 That bears a parching lip and fevered brow,
 With such a perfect weariness of mind,
 A weakness so oppressive, that the heart's
 Too shattered cordage can no longer ope
 Its sails to passing sympathy and love;—
 But that delicious languor, with each sense
 Of inner action by some secret spell

Made pure and sublimated ; a strange state
Mid-way 'twixt earth and heaven ; a second birth
To mind's immortal essence, when a light
From depths of distance seems to hover o'er
Our inmost spirits, and the soul doth stretch
Its broad and viewless pinions, and takes in
Almost Infinity ;—when too, the deep
And countless treasures of love are filled
Quite to o'erflowing, and the simplest things,
The most familiar images of life,
Are clad in such fresh colouring, that they seem
Dipt in the hues of Heaven.—

Thus 'twas with me, some few short years ago,
When, after days of malady and pain,
And endless nights of tossing and unrest,
Sickness resigned her sceptre, and glad Health
Sent as her herald to my prison-couch,
The angel, Convalescence.—How I joyed
To feel her cooling touch, and closely press
Her white wing to my bosom, till methought
I could have sketched her portrait, as she stood
To fancy's magic sight, her wand upraised,
Her robe of slightest texture fluttering free,
While to my eager lip she prest the cup
Of nectared life-drops. On her brow, she wore
A wreath of spotless flowers, that shed around
Unwonted perfume, while her half-closed eye,
From 'neath its filmy screen, shone soft and clear
As a young dew-drop, ere the morning beam
Doth claim its tribute.

How I love to trace
Those gone-by days ! They seem to me so like

A blessed vision, or a sojourn brief
In an immortal region ;—every scene
Doth come like strong enchantment even now,
And wakes a quicker throbbing of the heart.—
Once, I remember well !—It was a night
Of pleasant spring-time. Free from pain, I lay
Musing delicious fancies. Now I roved
Through childhood's brief domain, and pastime held
With groups long since departed ; then moved on
To youth's unshadowed gardens, culling flowers
The fullest and the grandest ; then a change
Came o'er my spirit, and the enchantress, Love,
Played on my heart-strings music wild and strange,—
And as they came and went, those flitting shades !
I felt it was not slumber, and I turned
Upon my lonely couch, to greet once more
The taper, sole companion as I thought ;
Then closed my lids again, nor scarcely marked
My anxious mother, that had gently leaned
In silent vigils o'er me ; my weak hand
Claspt close in hers ; there's nothing half so sweet,
As a fond mother's clasp, and more than all
In the dead midnight hour ; I felt it then,
Deeply, intensely ; and perchance had lain
Longer in seeming slumber, had not she
Breathed a low sigh ;—the quick, yet thrilling thing !
It stirred affection's fount, till looking up
With earnest gaze, into her blessed face,
I met a smile so fraught with perfect love,
A look that said, "I am not weary, child,"
That yet once more I sank to tranquil sleep,
And dreamed of the dear watcher !—

Once again,
I never can forget that twilight eve,
When, by the open casement, on a chair
Of ample space, my sweet, young sister sat,
Quite spent with constant watching, or the task
Of pressing the dark cordial in low tones
Of strong entreaty.—I have seen her since,
In many a varied scene ; amid the crowd,
Glittering in youth and jewels, or yet else
Drinking, in secret, from the honied page
Of love ideal ; with her forehead flushed ;
Her lips half-parted ; and her hazle eyes
Striving to smile to my inquiring gaze,
While all the time, they struggled with the tears,
That peeped from thought's deep caverns : yet not once
Did she e'er look so beautiful, one half,
As on that quiet evening when she lay
Like slumbering Innocence ; her floating curls,
Bathing her snowy arms and garments white,
While, from her place in Heaven, the Regent Queen
Bowed on her silver car, and shed a ray
Of purest lustre o'er her features fair ;
And I, the sleepless one, yet happy, lay
Upon my downy bed, and sought to scan
Her future being, till delusive hope
Had sketched so bright a picture, that I knew
The like was not on earth, and turned away
With chastened joy, until I calmly prayed
That God would bless the sleeper !—
It was a blissful time, and every change
Brought a fresh flood of joy.—The varied blush
Of young Aurora, sending out her troops
Of borrowed rays, to tell the God's approach ;

The half-closed window, at the mid-day hour,
That just let in a beam as if to speak
The luxury of light ;—the quiet calm
Of the still evening, when the stars had lit
Their far, mysterious dwelling,—and the hush
Of the deep mid-night, scattering o'er the earth
Its magic spells of sleep ;—the frequent gifts
Of rare and early fruits ; and then the flowers,
(Those children of the sunshine and the dew,)
That to the thoughtful mind must ever wear
Religion on their petals ;—all spread now,
Like a rich map before me, conjuring up
A boundless gush of gratitude and love.—
It were a needless task. I may not tell
The glorious visions of those parted days !
'Twas an unworldly life ;—a mingling sweet
Of earthly things and heavenly :—

Now it seems

A safe and steadfast Ark, where I have heaped
A never-failing treasure of pure thoughts,
Fresh-born affections, memories bright and clear,
Steeped in the light of smiles, that knew no shade
Of passing gloom or sadness ; a green spot,
Where often yet I turn my weary mind,
Sullied with Earth's low passions, swayed by gusts
Of doubt or vain aspirings, and drink deep
From its refreshing fountains, till my heart
Doth feel a holier influence o'er it steal ;
A sort of spirit-prompting, that wakes love
To all of human kind, though well I know
'Twas first a selfish joy ;—some leisure hours,
Sent in my pilgrim-progress, by a Hand
That marked my downward course, and gave me time

To cleanse the Lamp of Conscience, pouring in
 The oil of his own spirit, that its beams
 May guide, in after time, my wandering steps,
 And point the path to others.

Thou ! whose full
 And all unfathomed goodness hath restored
 The unbroken Staff of Life, and girded on
 Once more its radiant armour, low I bow
 Before thy sacred presence, and would ask
 For strength to do thy bidding. Healer ! God !
 E'en as this poor, slight body hath renewed
 The graceful garb of Health, and weaves again
 Its slight, yet golden thread ; so wilt Thou grant
 To the attenuate soul, an added strength,
 A renovated being !—May it spurn
 Each middle station, and press boldly on,
 From Convalescence to that perfect Health,
 That hath its seat in Heaven !

WASHINGTON'S DAY.

TUNE.—Sound the loud tumbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea.

Rise, fellow free-men, and shout the proud lay,
 'Tis Liberty's watchword ! our Washington's day !
His was the heaven-fraught spirit that nourished
 The life-blood that flows in each patriot breast ;
 And the flag of our country could never have flourished,
 If "united we stand" had not been his behest :
 Rise, fellow-freemen, and shout the proud lay,
 'Tis Liberty's watchword ! our Washington's day.

Thousands were heroes ! but *his* was the hand,
That reared freedom's Ark in our ocean-bound land ;
Safe, through the billows and tempests, he guided
The perilous plank, till contention did cease ;
Nor turned till the glorious structure had glided
With " stars and with stripes " to a haven of peace ;
Rise, fellow-freemen, and shout the proud lay,
'Tis Liberty's watchword ! our Washington's day !

Who would be silent ? We'd blush for the fame
Of him, whose heart throbs not with joy at that name ;
The light of his glory must ever be growing
While the sun sheds a beam, or the sea rolls a wave,
For the far brightest lamp, in Fame's temple that's glowing,
Is fed by the tribute we pay to his grave ;
Rise, fellow-freemen, and shout the proud lay,
'Tis Liberty's watchword ! our Washington's day !

Be it eternal ! Let Freedom's shrill horn,
Unceasingly tell when our Chieftain was born ;
Shout ! let each mountain-hold echo the measure,
And bear it still on to the wide Western sea,
Till the old Rock shall ring with the wild note of pleasure,
And our children shall learn it in ages to be ;
Rise, fellow-freemen, and shout the proud lay,
'Tis Liberty's watchword ! our Washington's day !

THE PASTOR'S RECOVERY.

Joy! Our Shepherd is restored
To his flock and to his board,
From the sword, that o'er his head
Hung, as by a single thread;
From the tempest that swept by,
Darkling all Health's sunny sky;
From the open gates, where Death
Stood to catch his parting breath;
He is safe once more, and we
Gladly bring
Grateful praises unto thee,
God! our King!

Thou wast nigh when drops like rain
Fell from an excess of pain;
When the fever's fiery glow
Bowed his high-toned spirit low,
And his sunk and ashen cheek
Looked like marble, without streak,
Then thy hand, outstretched to save,
Drew him from the darksome grave,
Therefore for thy mercies' sake
We will sing
Grateful praises unto Thee,
God! our King!

Helper! 'twas on Thee he leant,
When life's lamp seemed almost spent,
When from his illumined eye,
Thought flashed out quite silently,

And his white lip breathed no sound
To the stricken band around ;
Then thy low, small voice was near,
Quieting each secret fear,
Therefore with united voice
 We will sing
Grateful praises unto Thee,
 God ! our King !

Though the one, that most could bless
With her soothing tenderness,
Far away was doomed to roam
From the blessed light of home,
Still around his shaded bed,
Fond love moved with softest tread,
And there fell strong prayer, as dew,
From devoted hearts and true,
Hearts that even now rejoice,
 As they sing
Grateful praises unto thee,
 God ! our King !

SUMMER'S EVE.—A FRAGMENT.

It was a Summer's eve. The God of Day
Lay like a wearied artist, on his couch
Curtained with gold and purple ; yet would look
With lingering gaze, upon the fairy land,
Where, through the fleeting hours, his pencil free
Had roamed with magic touch, until it grew,
'Neath his enchanted eye, a matchless work,

Bright with Elysian beauty. Every tint
Was wet with freshness, while a mellow shade
Hung o'er the whole, like a transparent veil,
And spread such melting softness o'er each charm,
It seemed a world half human, half divine.
One spot was ripe with beauty. The green turf
Wore a rich velvet mantle, wrought with gems
Thrown by the passing shower. The wooded bank
Was redolent of perfumes, breathed from buds,
That, wooed by the soft breezes, just looked forth,
To catch their whispered tones, then sank again,
Beneath the liquid foliage. The winged tribes
Of Nature's roving children tireless strayed,
Like a refracted sunbeam of all hues,
And poured their gladsome minstrelsy around.
And yet it was not perfect. The deep harp,
However tuned to harmony, doth need
An intellectual touch to wake it up
Unto a faultless measure. Even so
With Nature's self. In its most witching time,
When tones are more than mortal, and all scenes
Are full of light and beauty ; when its spells
Are bound with strongest links, and the full sense
Luxuriates in a sort of charmed life,
Even then it is not perfect, if one touch
Of sorrow or disease, one thralling yoke,
Whether of disappointment, wrong, or crime,
Weigh on the drooping spirit ; that dark spot,
Like a dense cloud across the sun's broad disc,
Will cast a shadow o'er the extended whole.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND AND
RELATIVE.

“ Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

THEN thou art blest ! and wherefore are we weeping
 Around the couch, where rests thy placid clay ?
 Thou, on whose brow such holy light is sleeping,
 Without one touch or shadow of decay.
 Why should we weep ? when by thy dark eye’s gleaming,
 And by that purity within thy breast
 And by that inborn halo, o’er thee streaming,
 We feel, we know, indeed, that thou art blest !

For as a bird, some spot of green earth meeting,
 Stoops for a while to breathe its joyous strain ;
 Yet, when the dark cloud and the mist come sweeping,
 Soars on its fresh-plumed wings to heaven again ;
 So *thou* too, for a brief, unsullied hour,
 Hast gently leaned upon a faithful breast,
 But ere the storms and ills of life could lower,
 Returnedst to seek thy native angel-rest.

And, as a starry dew-drop of the morning,
 That in some shielding urn in beauty lay,
 Ere the first flush of day-light sends its warning,
 Exhales and flits quite noiselessly away ;
 So *thou* too, for a little while, hast cherished,
 Like vernal dew-drop, some young buds of earth,
 But ere the freshness of thy bloom had perished,
 Fledd’st upward to await their “second birth.”

Yet shall we mourn thee ? Though our hearts are yearning
For the soft echoes of thy child-like tone,
And though this voiceless grief within us burning,
Thirsts for thy presence, from among us gone ;
Yet shall we mourn, if 'neath a sun more glorious,
Our stainless lily was transplanted soon,
O'er fear of sin, and death, and time victorious,
To flourish through a long and cloudless noon ?

Not so ! not so ! we'll yield without repining
The precious trust that but awhile was given ;
The early-called quite willingly resigning,
That seemed indeed a pleasant guest from Heaven.
Oh ! let us joy to think her soul is flying,
Even as a bird, beyond earth's changing sod ;
The dew-drop in its safest home is lying,
The lily in the keeping of its God.

THE TEMPLE.

“ The palace is not for man ; but for the Lord God.”

O ! FAIR and glorious Temple ! Richest gem,
That Art e'er set in Nature's diadem !
Footstool of Heaven's high Monarch ! Silver star
That cheered the weary pilgrim from afar ;
Rainbow of promise ! to that race opprest,
That gazing on thee, dreamed once more of rest ;
Too glorious for decay ! Perchance the march
Of Time falls printless on each massive arch,

And portico and column ; and the glow
Of sunset lingers on "a mount of snow."
Perchance from Zion's height, thy master-swell
Yet steals o'er thousands, Harp of Israel !
Soft, spiritual and liquid, half divine,
As when at first along the sainted shrine,
The new-born anthem ran, and trembling trod,
By paths celestial, to the throne of God.
Alas ! not so ;—the silver-footed mist
Seeks now in vain the brow so often kissed ;
The morning waking from the night's caress,
Clothes young Creation in her varied dress,
But not on Thee she shines ; thy birth-right fair
Is lavished now on meaner tenants there.
No lofty column 'neath the ivy's sway,
Stands forth a remnant, lovely in decay ;
No broken arch, nor serpent-peopled dome,
To call the spirit of weak fancy home ;
And not a stone is left, thy name to speak,
And make, like Egypt's piles, man's glory weak.
And is it thus ? and does a dreary waste
Spread now, where stood the Temple, thrice defaced ?
Does no new fabric rear its sainted pile,
And on the wreck of ages seem to smile ?
Not so ! from many a place of peopled dust,
Fresh structures rise to tell a Nation's trust ;
From countless regions o'er the earth's wide bound,
Where pure Religion's working arm is found,
Fair temples to the living God are given,
That stand, like beacon-lights, 'twixt earth and heaven.
O, holy thought ! that mid the empty show,
And gilded pageantry of all below,
There still is left one tribute, one of love,

That lifts Jehovah's temples far above
Man's palaces in beauty ; sacred tie !
That binds to heaven even earth's idolatry.
And yet all these must perish. Through a span
Of coming years, their ruins we may scan.
Is there no fane eternal ? Ne'er o'erthrown
By Time's strong arm, or to oblivion strown ?
No changeless palace for the changeless God ?
Oh ! yes, there is an altar, ever trod
By white-robed thoughts, as ministers ; where rays
Of light celestial fall, and angel lays
Find echo. There the "pearl of price" doth lie,
And faith, whose crystal columns pierce the sky.
The heart ! it is that altar : let us strive
To keep it ever steadfast ; and so live,
That earth's rude passions shall innoxious play
Around its hallowed precincts ; nor delay
To bless it with thy presence, King of Kings !
Who dwellest far beyond all earthly things,
In glory's unapproachable recess,
Where centre-suns on centre-suns that press,
Seem but nocturnal sparks, and yet who art
Felt, though unfathomed, in each human heart ;
Great Architect ! complete the growing shrine,
And fill it with a sanctity divine.

A MOTHER'S JOY.

To clasp the treasure to her breast,
With low yet fervent prayer,
Or hush it to its breathing rest,
With some half-uttered air ;

To deck its young and fragile form,
Give food that may not cloy,
Or woo from it sweet kisses warm,
This is a Mother's joy.

To guide its steps with patient hand,
And quell its childish fears,
Or cheer it with her soothings bland,
When laughter yields to tears ;
And often through the sleepless night,
To gaze upon her boy,
And catch its smiles with early light ;
This is a Mother's joy.

To count amid the youthful train
Her own, the fairest flower,
And though her efforts seem half vain,
Ne'er yield instruction's hour ;
To blend with sad rebuke the tone
Of love, without alloy ;
Or hoard, as gold, mind's jewels strown,
This is a Mother's joy.

And when its tender frame doth prove
By strange, quick pain distressed ;
When its appealing look doth rove
O'er all her face perplexed ;
To seek the weak, scarce breathed request,
To bitter draught decoy ;
And feel each change is for the best,
This is a Mother's joy.

A Mother's joy ! yet who can find
The source of its pure spring ;
Deep, deep, within the heart enshrined,
It lives, a deathless thing ;
A rich elixir, clear and free,
'Tis drank but never spent,
And proves, what 'twas designed to be,
Her spirit's element.

COMMENCEMENT.

[The conclusion of this beautiful Sketch seems to imply that some Commencement occasion, at which the author was present, was immediately followed by a funeral of one of the Students.]

It was commencement morn ! The city lay
Bathed in a flood of sunlight, warm and gay,
While from their many homes, a countless throng
Poured like a river stream in haste along
Each street and shaded avenue, that led
Unto that pillared shrine, where learning old
Sat on her throne of richer ore than gold,
And from her growing stores, unwearied shed
Knowledge—pure manna food—on either hand,
To pilgrims met from all the wide-spread land.

All ranks had gathered there ! Youth and old age
Stood side by side, while homely garments prest
In the dense circles, where in splendour drest,
Like birds that flutter in a gilded cage,
Fashion's gay votaries formed their magic rings,
Drinking full draughts from flattery's honied springs,

While wealth and power, the low and high endowed,
Met carelessly amid that varied crowd.

There was a sudden calm ! The voice of prayer
Melted to silence all that living host ;
And every feature took a thoughtful air,
And many an idle jest and smile were lost,
When the aged Man of God besought in bland
And fervent accents, blessings on the cause
For which they met ; then after a brief pause,
With graceful gesture to the student band,
Pronounced a well-known name.

'Twas scarcely said

Ere a slight graceful figure sprang upon
The yielding height. One moment's space, he read
The kindly smile, which his known talents won
From that wide ocean wave of life, and then
With lip unfaltering and a brow unblanched,
The young and buoyant speaker gaily launched
Into his sparkling theme. Grave, austere men
Confest his magic genius, as he threw
The arrows of keen wit in heedless waste,
From his gay mind's full quiver, or with chaste
And polished humour, still prolonged the true
And startling laugh from hearts that feared to lose
One glittering diamond from the dazzling string,
Which carelessly he ever seemed to fling
Around their captive senses ; last he woos,
How needlessly ! their pardon for his stay,
And mid a thunder-peal of loud applause
Repeated ever, ere the last gave way,
Sinks back among the crowd.

Another pause—

And almost lifted by the brother band,
That prest in sympathy on either hand,
A pale, fair youth, a very boy in years,
And delicate, as if his ivory cheek
Ne'er laid on aught save flower-leaves, rose to speak.

All pitied him ; and many whispered fears
Ran, like a touch electric, thro' the crowd,
As slowly raising up his deep, blue eye,
With a beseeching glance, he meekly bowed
Like a young willow, when it courts the song
Of the sweet breezes. Then his cheek flushed high
With strong emotion, and a lovely throng
Of images of beauty seemed to float
At once into his mind, till mid the deep
And perfect stillness, like a flute's clear note,
Each word stole on the air. The theme he chose
Was poetry's true worth, and as he told,
In measured verse, the bliss it could unfold,
The unearthly peace, the rapturous repose,
The magic touch with which it could allay
Existence' fever-pulse, and give unto
The soul's true destiny its proper sway,
His fragile form expanded, and his voice
Rose to a clarion chord, while a rich glow
Mantled his every feature.—But again
Those tones grew low to tenderness, and thought
Rushed in a music-flood, as not in vain
He proved how love and poesy are fraught
With the same subtle essence. It was sweet
To list his holy fancies, and bright eyes
Grew filmy with soft dreams ; while one fair girl,

Who late had given to him her heart's pure pearl,
Nor since the speaker rose, had dared to meet
The glance of her companions, vainly tried
To check her bosom's throbs, but for relief,
Yielded to a quick gush of sudden grief.

Another and another filled the place
With eloquent address, that varied as
A song of pleasant changes. Nature's face,
With all the matchless colouring that it has,
Proved a full theme to one ; while Science' coil,
So ravelled, yet unending, was outspread
By a calm mind, that even from boyhood read
Its many secrets, till they grew to be
As some loved household lore, familiar toil.
But the low, eager question, "*Who is he ?*"
Was quick exchanged, when on the platform's height,
(The school-boy's dreaded pyramid of fame !)
A youth advanced, who well might put to shame
The sculptor's idol-model. With delight
Men marked his fine proportions, as with look
Of proud security, he met the gaze
Of that expectant multitude, and took
His stand, as born for empire. Strange and deep,
Like Nature's pause ere the loud thunder-blaze,
Rose his cold cadences, while fiery thought
Lay, as a dreamer, hushed to transient sleep,
On the full, beetling forehead, until those,
Who, at the first, with quicker pulse had caught
His falcon glance, now gave their minds repose,
Nor deemed him more than others. Why that start ?
That sudden movement mid yon careless group ?
The eagle rises from his downward stoop !

The unexpected lava stream floods out
From the volcano, Mind, and like the shout,
That rallies yielding hosts in battle's mart,
His voice gave utterance to Ambition's dreams,
In wild and burning tones ; and his grey eye
Gleamed as some meteor, when it sweeps on high
With fierce and lurid light ; till all around
Caught the infection, and now stood spell-bound,
In a prophetic dread, that some dark fate
Would cast its mantle o'er him, and at length,
When he had finished with an earthquake strength,
Each seemed on each expectant still to wait,
For the long plaudit.

Ah ! what means this new
And thrilling hush ? and wherefore 'mongst yon band
Doth every student clasp his brother's hand,
As for some mystic rite ?—Was the ear true ?
Or could it be wrapt fancy filled the hall
With those low, dirge-like moans, ethereal, sweet,
And dreamy as the whisperings that we meet
Mid banks of wind-reeds ? Yet again they fall,
And like a veil far floating on the breeze,
Or as the murmuring of summer seas,
Those fitful notes, in mournful chant ascend,
While words like these in melting sadness blend.

“ Stars must fade away ;
“ Flowers but bloom to die ;
“ Dwellers mid the festal day,
“ Own the night is nigh.

“ Beauty, like sunbeam
“ O'er the water's face,

“ Passeth lightly as a dream,
“ Leaving no sure trace.

“ Brother ! then farewell,
“ Since it must be so ;
“ Mournfully, in death’s dim cell,
“ We will lay thee low.

“ Nearer, nearer, come,—
“ Ye, whom he loved best ;
“ Bear the silent sleeper home,
“ With his God to rest.

“ Wo ! for us who here
“ Yield to grief’s strong spell ;
“ Tears fall fast upon thy bier,
“ Brother ! friend ! farewell.”

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.—A HISTORICAL
BALLAD.

It was a night of festival in Windsor’s crowded halls,
For England’s red cross, victor, waved o’er Poitiers’ distant walls,
And British rank and chivalry and beauty, all had met
To pay, with homage unrestrained, high valor’s mighty debt,
While chief amid the courtly throng, that formed a circle wide,
Sat lovely queen Philippa, her young son at her side.

Bright was the scene ; for o'er that full and richly-laden
board,

A thousand perfumed tapers floods of purest lustre poured ;
Reflected in unnumbered rays from many a steel-clad
breast,

Playing, like lightning, 'mid the folds of many a jewelled
vest ;

And kindling that ancestral dome, until the eye could trace
Each quaint device and rude attempt at statuary's grace.

Free flowed the wine-cup ; music rose in glad, triumphant
swell,

And every heart responded fast to pleasure's thoughtless
spell,

Saving Bertrand du Guesclin, a knight from Gallia's land,
Who, as an honored captive, at Philippa's own right hand,
Sat with such rigid form and face of melancholy gloom,
As though that kingly hall, for him, were a sepulchral tomb.

" Ah ! victory is but empty boast, if this must be the cost,"
Whispered young Edward to the queen, " far rather had
we lost

The fair estate of Poitiers, than press such needless shame
On yon brave cavalier, whose deeds might swell the lists of
fame."

While, as with animated air, he urged some secret suit,
His pleading tones were musical as breathings of a flute.

" Nay ! have it as thou wilt, my son ! for charity's sweet
sake,

I grant thy generous prayer," and scarce the loving matron
spake,

Then springing forward, with flushed cheek, and eye that
 flashed delight,
The princely boy bowed courteously unto the captive
 knight,
And cried aloud, "so help me God! however small it be,
Name but thy ransom, valiant Sir! and thou, at once, art
 free."

The statue moved; his hand unclenched; the weight of
 great despair
Passed from du Guesclin's furrowed brow, like shadow
 from the air;
And seizing from the festive board, a massive silver cup,
He poured the red wine, till it flashed in diamond sparkles
 up;
Then quaffing deep the teeming draught, he said, in accents
 bold,
"A hundred thousand crowns I pledge, to pay in virgin
 gold."

"Nay! be not thou so rash," rejoined Britannia's high-born
 heir,
And fervent admiration rose above his boding fear;
"Think how the chance of ruthless war thy kingdom hath
 o'erthrown,
Leaving thee nought but valor's pearl, that thou canst call
 thine own;
And count it not mistrust, true knight, if I, thy princely
 host,
Question how thou canst hope to win thy freedom at such
 cost."

Then spoke Sir Bertrand ; and his mien revealed right
proud was he,

To tell the source of hidden wealth, he pledged thus fear-
lessly ;

“ ’Tis true, God wills it ! that I stand a prisoner here to-day,
Dismantled by a conquering foe of my ancestral sway ;
The stranger dwells within my home ; no more can I defend
Those ancient towers, beneath whose roof I hoped my days
to end.

“ Yet heaven be praised ! that I may set my ransom still
as high,

As when Gaul’s lily banner waved its folds triumphantly,
For in my native Bretagne dwell a hundred noble knights,
Ready to mortgage their last fields, to buy me freedom’s
rights ;

And even if these, by reckless fate, are swept away from
earth,

I ask no grace, nor rate myself beneath my real worth.

“ Why need I ? since by woman’s truth, a recreant never
known,

I wager there is not in France, from cottage to the throne,
One female heart, that does not bleed in sorrow for my
sake,

Who, since my youth, in their good cause ne’er failed a
lance to break ;

Yes ! the poor spinner at her wheel a double task would ply,
Ere her tried champion should be left, in foreign land, to
die.”

“Strong in thy faith thou well mayst be,” replied the
beauteous Queen,

“For gentle spirits ne’er forget their gratitude, I ween ;
And for the love of my poor sex, I pray thee, noble sir !
Accept this tribute, as a mark of sympathy from her,
Who, though the consort of thy foe, not longer would
detain

A sword, that for weak woman’s help, was never drawn in
vain.”

And loosening from her white round arm a jewelled
cirdlet bright,

Where diamonds, on a pearl-sown ground, glittered like
stars at night,

With look and step magnificent, as royalty should wear,
Yet rife with all that winning grace, that quick dispelleth
care,

The good Philippa straight advanced amid the courtier band,
And laid the costly gift within the astonished Bertrand’s
hand.

“Lady ! I ask no higher fame,” the joyous prisoner cried,
As low on bended knee he sunk, o’erwhelmed by feeling’s
tide ;

“But long as life shall last, I vow, O peerless dame ! to
fight

As best my heart and strong arm can, for none but wo-
man’s right !”

And well he kept his knightly troth, for chroniclers declare,
Bertrand du Guesclin left no stain on his escutcheon fair.

THE BRIDAL.

I WOULD thou hadst been there! It was a scene
That must have woke some strong chords in a breast,
So toned to Love's deep music, and so rich
In every kindly sympathy, as thine,
Sweet Beatrice.

The spacious hall was lit
With a soft, astral radiance, like that hung
O'er an ideal picture, where no depth
Of haunting shadow presses on the heart,
But a light, subtle essence seems to warm
And purify and spiritualize the whole.—
Fresh flowers were there; those beauteous links
Connecting mind with sense; of every hue
And form and fragrance; the love freighted rose,
(Such as we used to gaze whole hours upon;)
The varied dahlia and the jasmine pale;
With queenly lily that oft bowed her head
To cheer with her soft breathings some young flowers,
Like those I placed by stealth within thy books,
In former days, when love was yet but shy,
And needed some such language oft to speak;
These clustered close together 'neath her broad
And shielding leaves, as if they had belied
Their name, "Forget me not," and sued to be
Forgotten.

Some kind hand of pensive woman,
With a religious care, had closely bound
The delicate field blossoms, deeming well
By her own timid spirit, that perchance
Sickened and drooped when severed from the shrine

Of home's familiar things, that they loved best
To pass unmarked, and dwell "among their own."

Old pictures hung around. One I did mark,
That pleased me well. A quiet cottage scene,
With its bright sunshine, and its balmy hedge,
And canopy of green; but when I turned
To whisper *who* would make it Eden's self,
I sighed to know the spirit of my dream
Was far away.—

Just then light steps drew near, that roused my trance;
A fluttering of white garments, and a band
Of youthful forms, all conscious of the hour,
Came thronging in, and prest with anxious gaze,
Around one fair young creature, that moved on,
With downcast eyes, as if by impulse led
Towards the man of God.

How shall I sketch her portrait? How transfer
Unto thy timid mind, the trembling grace,
Yet perfect trust with which she leaned upon
The arm that felt her weakness? Yet methinks
Just such sweet sympathy and kindred grace
Are stealing o'er thy face and trusting form,
Even now, my Beatrice! Yet ah, forgive,
Nor shrink thus wild and hurriedly away;
Nay, tremble not! The thought was all too bold,
And love too fervent.

Say, wilt thou listen on? ah! that bright smile
Doth lend fresh impulse to my memory's wing,
And newly tints my portrait.—There she stood,
Her glossy tresses parted on a brow
Of pearly whiteness. 'Twere a sinful deed
To throw a veil of bondage e'er so slight,

Upon the floating freedom of such locks
As hers and thine, my charmer. Her blue eyes
Seemed sleeping 'neath their drooping, half-closed lids,
And from her lips just parted, I could catch
The low yet frequent sigh, that seemed to come
From her full soul's oppressiveness, so full,
So wildly stirred with her quick coming thought,
I felt it sacrilege thus long to gaze
Into her spirit's movements.

And now a voice was heard, breathing of words
That moved my very soul ; I joyed to think
Thou wert not there, beloved one, 'twould have been
A page in thine own history yet to come ;
And in thy girlish dreams thou wouldst have conned
The lesson o'er and o'er ; until thy heart,
So gladsome now and trusting, had grown cold
With strange misgivings :—Look not *thus*,
With shadow on thy brow. That tempest hour,
(If come it must to thee, and *most* to thee ;
For I have read, and joy yet more to read
The depth of thine affections, and the strength
Of thy young pinioned fancy, that will lend
A might to joy or grief,) if it *must* come,
Shall claim returns of such devoted love,
And faithful watching and unmeasured truth,
That though thou turn half usurer, thou'lt own
The reckoning fully paid.

I said a voice was heard : and when the words
That told of weal and woe were spoken out,
A sudden change came o'er her ; the pale lip
That quivered even to faintness, now was still ;
Her eye was fixed on distance, till methought
Futurity's wide realm seemed shadowed out,

And one could read from her mysterious face,
As from the pages of a lettered book,
The hopes, doubts, fears, that in that hour were prest.
Her kindred were forgot : home, parting, friends,
Aye, life itself; and dreams and visions deep
Were now her sole companions.—It was well,
The soothing touch with which the pastor laid
Her hand within *his* own, who prest it close
In one long, fervent clasp, that seemed to tell
Of thoughts too deep for speech, as if he knew
The voiceless feelings of her secret soul.
'Twas well for her ! The kindling blood rushed back
Unto its living source : She strove to check
Her heaving frame, but felt the task was vain ;
And in one gush of tears, gave her whole heart.

THE STRIPED FLAG OF BETHEL.

OH ! say, dost thou see on the bright, sunny deep,
 You ship that glides out like a swan in its motion,
Whose sails with the South wind a soft measure keep,
 And whose pennon gleams clear as a star on the ocean ;
While its cordage and white shrouds, and slippery spars,
Are filled with a crew of adventurous Tars,
Who rejoice in the striped flag of Bethel, that plays
O'er the shrine, oped each Sabbath for prayer and for praise ?

The Ship disappears ! yet, in fancy we trace
 Its prow boldly clearing the crest of the billow,
Now basking beneath the full tropic-sun's face,
 Now rousing the frost-king, surprised, from his pillow ;

Yet whatsoe'er clime is the Mariner's goal,
His heart, like the needle, still turns to one pole;
'Tis the striped flag of Bethel, that gracefully lays
Its folds o'er the shrine built for prayer and for praise.

And when the quick tempest grows wild in its wrath,
And the tall Ship is swayed as a slight downy feather,
When the binnacle glares on a black, viewless path,
And the huge cable strains, as 'twould burst from its
tether;

The hoarse cry of "up! to the main-top-mast, go!"
Finds the sailor, at night-watch, still musing below
On the striped flag of Bethel, that peacefully plays
O'er the shrine, where his heart warmed in prayer and in
praise.

That heavenly beacon! ah! who will not choose
To feed its pure flame, that must else be soon blighted;
Or with full coffers blest, a small tribute refuse
For the sake of earth's exile, the seaman benighted?
Friends! up to his aid; and when death's surges sweep
In mighty waves o'er him, his courage he'll keep,
For the striped flag of Bethel shall win his rapt gaze,
And his last accents murmur of prayer and of praise.

LOVE AND DEATH.

LOUIS DE BOURBON, Count of Montpensier, died suddenly of grief, whilst viewing the tomb of his father, the Duke of Bourbon, which was opened at his command, amid all the pomp of a magnificent service, and in the presence of his victorious army.

It was the twilight hour! Deep silence hung
Like a lone watcher, o'er each sainted shrine,
Where pure religion burnt her lamp divine,
Mid fair Italia's temple, and there rung
No sound upon the stillness, save perchance,
When the slight gale, stirring the citron grove,
Displayed its silver linings to the glance
Of the enamoured moon, or some bird wove,
Lured by the quivering light, a broken chain
Of wild and dreamy song. But hark! that toll
From the old minster bell; and now the whole
Of the antique and consecrated fane
Was kindled with a red and glaring light,
Stronger than midday, while its fretted height
Returned the solemn anthem as it rose
Midst clouds of incense, blent with organ clear,
While the low dirge was echoed at its close
By voices, that grew stronger on the ear
At every moment—till the sounding aisle
Rang with the heavy tread of a full train
Of mailed men, who, through the sainted pile
Moved to one distant spot; each tinted pane
Shedding a crimson glow upon their forms,
And every steel-clad armour flashing back
The torch-light, clear as lightning 'mid the storms;
On, on they pressed! What stayed them in their track?
A gilded coffin! all alone it lay

Mid a full flood of brightness : its closed lid
Bearing a sword and shield, yet almost hid
Beneath the floating banners, bright and gay,
That waved around, as if they heeded not
What spoil it was they covered. From the throng
Advanced a youthful chieftain to the spot,
And low he bowed, in silence deep and strong,
Beside the stately bier, until at length
He breathed in hollow accents, strangely clear,
“ Once more I would look on him !” With quick fear
His followers raised the lid, and back recoiled,
As chilled with death’s cold presence : he alone
Shrank not away, but stood like sculptured stone,
Gazing upon that image, quite bespoiled
By time’s relentless grasp. Long, long he stood
Viewing those smouldering ashes, till his breast
Heaved like an ocean-billow, and the blood
Forsook his pallid lip and brow compressed,
As to the bier he bowed his youthful cheek,
And breathed his spirit’s wo in accents weak.

“ Dust ! dust ! and is this all
That death has left for me ?
What boots it now the shroud and pall
So closely wrapt round thee ?

I thought once more to gaze
Upon thy blessed face,
But, father, the rude worm that plays
Hath left of thee no trace.

I have brought victory’s crown
To set upon thy brow ;

Oh ! better 'twere to see thee frown,
Than look on thee as now.

Yet no, my father ! no !
This anguish grows too wild ;
Better to have thee even so,
Than frowning on thy child.

Didst thou not know how well
I loved thee, even to death,
And how my life was but a spell
Bound in thy living breath ?

And yet thou could'st depart,
And leave me all alone—
Oh ! take me, take me to that heart,
Since to it I have grown.

If the sun hide its rays,
Must not the floweret die ?
And can the wind-harp wake its lays
Unless the breeze be nigh ?

Thou wert that sun to me,
And thou that wakening gale ;
And yet no answer comes from thee
To soothe my spirit's wail.

Oh ! by the days of yore,
When seated by thy side,
I drank in love's most precious lore,
And sought no thoughts to hide :

And for that mother's sake,
Whose earthly course is done,
My sire ! let thy cold ashes wake
And speak unto thy son.

Hush ! hark ! methought a voice
Came from his distant home ;
It calls me ! now my heart rejoice—
Father ! I come ! I come !”

And with a wild and piercing shriek he fell
Upon that couch of death, and closely pressed
His arms, as folding something to his breast,
With a convulsive shiver, that full well
Told of the inward strife ; until at last,
Crushed, like a reed beneath the tempest's blast,
His slight frame yielded to the awe-struck band
That crowded round him, and each trembling hand
Unloosed his heavy breast-plate, and then took
The plume-crowned helmet from the drooping head,
That sank beneath it ; but one single look
Told 'twas in vain—the youthful prince was dead !

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN INVALID STRANGER.

“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

THEN, Lady, surely thou art blest,
For through the weary years now past,
They tell me, sickness o'er thy frame
Its darksome robe hath ever cast,

And thou dost mourn that health hath spread
Amid life's tissue no bright thread.

Thy fate seems sad to me, and yet
I ween that thou hast many hours
Of purer pleasures, than are given
To those whose paths are decked with flowers ;
For happiness is seldom found,
Where earth *looks* all enchanted ground.

No, Lady, no, the star of faith
Shines brightest on a darkened sky,
And hope would not be hope, if all
Were but a cloudless certainty.
Then if they both 'bide in thy breast,
Believe me, thou art truly blest.

And more than these : art thou not rich
In all the joys of social love ?
Doth not a sister's watchful care,
Like a fresh childhood to thee prove ?
And for thy mother, sure thou art
The strongest tendril round her heart.

And thou hast other bliss, I know,
The gifts of inborn soul are thine ;
For through the depths of human woe,
Like waters gushing from the mine,
That intellect, which cannot die,
Works out its noblest destiny.

But dost thou mourn ? Oh ! there are still
Yet sweeter words for thee in store,

“Thou shalt be comforted,” he saith,
Who through a life of suffering bore
The heaviest cross, that e’er can be
Laid upon poor mortality.

God bless thee, Lady ! though we ne’er
May meet each other on this earth,
But both, until life’s errand’s done,
Dwell, where our childhood had its birth,
Yet tender sympathy I send,
As to some dear, though unknown friend.

Farewell ! God bless thee ! Thou hast touched
Deep springs of feeling in my breast :
And, Lady ! though my prayer be vain,
That yet with health, thou mayst be blest,
Still place thy trust, devoutly sure,
In that Physician, who can cure.

N I G H T .

COME ! sit within the temple of the night,
Oh, weary heart ! that would awhile forget
The glare and turmoil of the day-dawn bright,
Where every joy was linked with some regret ;
Come ! while the drowsy world is wrapt in sleep,
And yield thyself to thoughts, unsullied, calm and deep.

’Tis fearfully serene ! Yon starry sky,
In its chill radiance, seems to me too near ;

And each bright constellation wandering by,
Wakens within emotions wild and drear;
Surely those stranger hosts can tender me,
No soft and answering note of kindly sympathy.

Yet gaze awhile: 'twill comfort thee, oh friend!
Even more than sleep, the balmiest and the best!
For night's still solitude must ever tend
To cool the burning fever of unrest;
And to the spirit's most convulsive throes,
'Twill surely yield, at length, mysterious repose.

Have friends deceived thee? Has thy heart been stung,
Even unto torture, where it placed its trust;
Until suspicion, as it closer clung,
Formed round thy fervent love an icy crust;
And hast thou wept in secret bitter tears,
O'er the lost confidence of bright and gone-by years?

Ah! even then, this silence can restore
Peace to the jarring of thy spirit's lyre,
And call from its Eolian strings once more,
Celestial cadences, that never tire;
Day's richest music boasts not such sweet sounds,
As those that float along the midnight's haunted bounds.

Or hast thou, in that passionless despair,
More blighting to the soul than grief's excess,
Hung o'er the relics of some loved one fair,
Who made thy lot a lot of blessedness;
Till, when the coffin-lid broke earth's last tie,
It seemed, ah! mourner, nought were left thee but to die?

Listen ! then, listen ! on some night like this,
To the soft breezes, as they gently play ;
Gaze on yon bright stars, till in dreamy bliss,
Thy spirit floats to regions far away ;
Whence, life's dark ills seem but a little blot,
Amid the vast expanse of heaven's unclouded lot.

Oh ! Night, the soother !—Night ! the kindly one !
Where should the sick heart turn, if not to thee ?
Who minglest in thy lulling potion, none
Of the vain mockeries of day's senseless glee ;
Ah ! holy Night ! thou hast a charmed cup,—
A spell, that will not fail to bear the crushed soul up.

SONNET.—TO MY NEW PEN.

THOU delicate and pearly wand of thought !
Kind token from a spirit ever fraught
With pleasant sympathies, I greet thee now,
And dedicate thee on this natal-day
Of our companionship, with playful vow,
Unto the service of that gentle fay,
Bright-pinioned Poesy. Oh ! valued friend !
The poor and heartless task shall ne'er be thine,
To trace at flattery's call the grovelling line,
Nor yet for sordid gain thy vigour spend ;
But through all coming years, thy lot shall be,
To paint blue skies, rich sunsets, scenes of bliss,
Visions too glowing for a world like this,—
Yet meet for the pure realm of Poesy.

ANNA'S QUESTION ABOUT GOD.

It was a lovely night in June,
And seated by her tender mother,
Young Anna watched the rising moon,
And spied out one, and then another
Of the bright stars, that seemed to be,
To her, a loving company.

And soon upon her fair sweet face,
Shadows of feeling deep lay sleeping,
And in her dark eyes, one might trace
Visions of fancy, well worth keeping ;
Until at length, with long-drawn sigh,
Her thoughts gushed out spontaneously.

" Oh ! dear Mamma," the child exclaimed
In earnest tones, " I have been trying
To find out how yon worlds were framed,
That look like silver spangles, lying
Upon a ground of such clear blue,
I wonder why I can't look through.

You say the great God made them all,
Those distant worlds so bright with beauty ;
And though on Him I often call,
(Mamma ! you tell me 'tis my duty,)
Yet how can I so dearly love
That God, who lives unseen above ?

I do not know him ! Where is he ?"
" Hush, Anna," said her mother, " listen !"

And lifting her upon her knee,
With eyes that seemed with love to glisten,
She kissed her daughter's velvet cheek,
And in these words began to speak:

"Suppose the little girl I hold,
Was not my own dear, happy daughter,
But by some sad, strange fate untold,
Wanted, perhaps, even bread and water ;
And roved about the cold, dark street,
With aching brow and naked feet.

And just imagine on some night,
Hungry and faint from want of slumber,
('Tis but a story ; why, with fright,
Gather these tear-drops without number ?)
Your dizzy brain went wheeling round,
And you sank, fainting, on the ground.

But while in this sad plight, suppose
A stranger, hurrying from the weather,
Took pity on your youthful woes,
And lifting you, as 'twere a feather,
Bore you, a pale, unconscious thing !
Into a house fit for a king.

Next morning when you woke, to think,
O ! dear, what was your childish pleasure,
To find no lack of food or drink,
But full abundance, without measure ;
No delicacy, not the least,
Was wanting at that lavish feast.

You gazed around the chamber high,
And oh ! 'twould fail me now to mention
The costly sights that met your eye,
Such as you deemed were past invention ;
And all these stores, the choicest, best,
Were spread for you, an humble guest.

' Who could have brought me here,' at last
You cry aloud, with rapture swelling ;
' What hand, when I was sinking fast,
Placed me within this splendid dwelling ?'
And eagerly you hastened through,
To seek that friend, so kind, so true.

You could not find him, but between
A sheet of paper lay a letter,
Telling, though he could not be seen,
You ne'er could need a richer, better
And warmer friend, than he would prove,
Might you but prize his generous love.

Now tell me, Anna, though you ne'er
Could gaze with glad and eager vision,
Upon your benefactor dear,
Would you not strive, with fond precision,
To read his written words, and pay
Your grateful love from day to day ?

Ah ! dearest ! now by this warm glow,
That o'er your dimpled cheek is flushing,
And by these precious tears, I know,
From founts of wakened feeling gushing,

Your mother's simple tale hath wrought
Fit moral in your inmost thought.

Yes! God is such a friend: 'tis he,
That with sweet cords hath softly bound you
Unto a world of beauty free,
Where pleasures spring, like flowers, around you;
And though he hide himself indeed,
His boundless love we still may read.

Yon azure heavens, so calm and bright,
Studded with star-gems, without number,
This wide, green earth, that 'neath his sight
Lies, with hushed pulse, in pleasant slumber,
With all the tribes that in them move,
Doth not each tell that God is love?"

"Oh! yes, mamma," young Anna cried,
Then bending low, as on each even,
She added, from her heart's full tide,
These words unto her prayer to heaven:
"*I love, although I cannot see,*
That God who is so good to me."

KLOPSTOCK AND META; OR, THE MARTYR- STUDENT.

M E T A .

Come, rest thee now, beloved one! morn's soft beam,
And mid-day's glory, and the shadows dim
Of quiet twilight, all have come and gone,
And yet thou sittest in the stillness deep

Of thine unspoken thoughts, which flit across
 Thy high and dreamy forehead, like some cloud
 On a transparent sky ; even while I speak,
 The colouring caught from yonder clustered vines,
 Doth wake new sadness, for their flickering green
 Hath made thy face look tintless in its hue,
 As sculptured marble ; far too pale and wan
 For Love to mark, though beautiful it be,
 With an untroubled eye and careless heart.

K L O P S T O C K .

And is it so ? sweet Meta ! Can it be
 That I have lingered in the Spirit-land,
 Through the long day-light hours, yet scarcely deemed
 A mote of time elapsed ? Oh ! it hath been
 A strange, delicious season : My rapt mind
 Hath pierced the heavy, clouding mists, which hang
 Like a thick veil above the mid-way path
 Of man's poor, weak aspirings ; and my soul
 Hath reached the mountain-top, and drank in light
 Such as *must* bless us, when the shroud dissolves
 That binds and clogs us *here* ; and gazed beyond
 Each mystery and doubt, until the dreams,
 Which men call knowledge, were as torch-light dim,
 Compared with the quick sunburst. Wherefore, then,
 Hast thou, the ever good, and just, and fond,
 Thus broken the strong spell, and breathed away
 With tones I ne'er before imagined harsh,
 These bright and glorious visions of the soul ?

M E T A .

Would I had known it, dearest ! yet forgive
 My full heart's weakness. It had drooped and pined,

Ah! even schooled itself to mighty strength,
 Till it had broke, perchance, rather than thou
 Should'st lose one phantom, from the shadowy host
 That walk the realms of mind, or miss one link
 Of its mysterious chain. It would have borne
 Devotedly, all suffering, if *itself*,
 Not *thou*, couldst be the martyr; but too hard
 To see that mastery of quenchless mind
 Over the outer shrine, where I have stored
 And gathered all love's wealth, till it hath grown,
 Even to be my world! too hard, alas!
 To gaze and yet be silent.

KLOPSTOCK.

Speak not thus,
 My gentle Meta! these are childish words.
 Shall I yield up my birthright? Must the flame
 That warms my soul's hearth, be extinguished all,
 Because at first it pours a startling flash,
 From out its dark recesses? Who will light
 The empyreal pile again—the altar-fire,
 Which shed such glorious beams, that even now
 My spirit thrills beneath them? Wherefore grieve,
 And look thus on me with those mournful eyes,
 Since death, if 'tis the end of thought intense,
 Seems to my yearning soul a friend, who frees
 The captive from his bonds?

META.

Alas! I feel
 The change were joy to thee! I know it well!
 But for myself—O God! I may not tell
 How sharp the arrow which the thought doth send.

My husband ! if some monarch to thy charge,
 Had lent a precious vase, as crystal clear,
 And carved in perfect beauty ; and yet more,
 Had filled it with rich fragrance, which would yield
 But one full drop each day, say, wouldst thou break
 The pure encasement, in thine eager haste
 Concentrating its sweets, and lavish thus
 Its hoarded fragrance, on a space as brief
 As the swift passage of a morning dream ?

* K L O P S T O C K .

Nay ! surely not, it were a reckless waste,
 And more, a *deed dishonest*.

M E T A .

Ah ! I joy

That thou dost deem it such, my cherished one !
Thou art that faultless vase, and God hath set
 The essence, *soul*, within thee. Precious gift !
 If thou but watch and guard it, it will yield
 Refreshing fragrance and a healing balm
 To many a fainting spirit, till, perchance,
 The vessel that contains it, even thy life,
 Shall be impregnated, that so, at length,
 'Twill grow *soul* altogether. Wilt thou mar
 Thine earthly being then, that gift from God ?
 I know thou wilt not.

K L O P S T O C K .

Gentle teacher ! well

Thy chidings have been spoken. Like some plant
 Which droops in the full sunshine, yet looks up
 To meet the twilight's kiss, so too, my mind,

Wearied and faint beneath the day's excess,
Drinks in thy music-accent, and delights
To turn from its high loneliness and seek
Companionship with thee.—Come, let us rove
Abroad, my much-loved Meta! I would gaze
On nature's blessed face, and cool yet more
This wan and fevered brow with the soft gale,
That woos us in low accents. Sure this dome
Of arching sky, bedecked with starry lamps,
Is wide enough to give my spirit play,—
Even though it be as devious and as wild
As the winged lightning.

M E T A .

Let us haste, dear friend !

A light is on our path, religion's light !
It will not lead astray, but like yon star,
Which guides the lone way-farer, so 'twill cheer
Our yet uncertain footsteps, till at length
It lands us safe in Heaven !

THE RAINY DAY.

“I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem’st.”

I LOVE to look on a day like this,
Of never tiring rain,
When the blue sky wears its sack-cloth robes,
And the streets are a watery plain;
When the big drops fall on the sounding roofs,
With a cool and a startling splash,
And the flute-like breeze pours its music-notes,
’Gainst the close shut window sash.

I remember yet, though ’twas long ago,
The beat of my childish heart,
When with half conned lesson I watched some morn,
For fear that the clouds might part;
And oh! what bliss when the skies’ wide hall
Seemed paved as with sheets of lead,
Till the warning rain at the dark school hour,
Forbade my out-of-door tread.

And in youth’s gay season, when wiser grown,
I own, though I blush to tell,
That each rainy day brought the untasked time,
Which my spirit loved too well:
When the book of knowledge was thrown aside
For some light and romantic lore,
And of antique ballads and honied rhymes,
My memory won full store.

Though youth has gone, I've a passion still
For the cool rain's pleasant tunes,
Whether they steal on the midnight hours,
Or peal on the sultry noons ;
Whether they come with the fitful spring,
Or the equinoctial spell,
From the fierce black north, or the sweet south west,
In all changes I love them well.

'Tis folly to talk of my spirit's freaks,
But its loftiest flights of thought,
And its friendliest feelings to human kind,
From a clouded sky are caught ;
And my mirth breaks out in its merriest peal,
And I feel most the gift of life,
When the wind and rain o'er a silent world,
Hold elemental strife.

'Tis pleasant to watch how the green trees quench
Their thirst with a long full draught ;
While the bright flowers hoard up an after store,
In the cup but so lately quaffed :
And 'tis pleasant to see how those other flowers,
The children of every home,
Are stirred with joy when their parted lips
Catch the drops as they slowly come.

Oh ! better far than a written page,
Is the sermon it reads to me,
This plenteous flood of delicious scent,
That falls in a torrent free ;

It brings me nearer to him who gave
The early and latter rain,
And my heart swells ever as now it does,
In a fresh and an answering strain.

THE WISH.

OH! lay me not, in some darksome spot,
With the damp, chill earth for my pillow,
But make my bier where the breezes clear,
Shall play with the flute-like willow.

This weary breast could not calmly rest,
When its being's cord is riven,
If the pulseless clay in a black vault lay,
Shut out from the eye of heaven.

Let my coffin lid be but lightly hid,
Where yon green fresh grass is springing,
While the flowers I love bloom in crowds above,
And the birds are forever singing.

And should some friend at the Sabbath's end,
Pass my grave with a silent greeting;
By some secret spell, that I may not tell,
Our spirits shall hold fond meeting.

In my unknown sphere, I will linger near
The true and the faithful hearted—
For the spirit clings to familiar things,
Though from earth forever parted.

Then make my grave where the green boughs wave,
As in love to the breezes wooing ;
Where the flashing ray of the sunbeams play,
And Nature her sweets is strewing.

THE POETS.

THE poets ! the poets !
Those giants of the earth ;
In mighty strength they tower above
The men of common birth ;
A noble race—they mingle not
Among the motley throng,
But move, with slow and measured step,
To music-notes along !

The poets ! the poets !
What conquests they can boast !
Without one drop of life-blood spilt,
They rule a world's wide host ;
Their stainless banner floats unharmed
From age to lengthened age ;
And History records their deeds
Upon her proudest page !

The poets ! the poets !
How endless is their fame !
Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name ;

But as yon starry gems that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won, in memory's depths,
An immortality !

The poets ! the poets !
Who doth not linger o'er
The glorious volumes that contain
Their pure and spotless lore ?
They charm us in the saddest hours,
Our richest joys they feed ;
And love for them has grown to be
A universal creed !

The poets ! the poets !
Those kingly minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
Around each honored head ;
No tribute is too high to give
Those *crowned ones* among men ;
The poets ! the true poets !
Thanks be to God for them !

THE SPRING.

THE Spring! the new-born Spring!
That pet-child of the year;
It comes in gay and thoughtless glee,
Bounding o'er winter's bier:
Fresh flowers look up to greet it,
Birds spring from out the grass;
The very air with joy keeps time
To its footsteps as they pass.

The Spring! the buoyant Spring!
Oh! happy is its lot,
It wins a blessing and a smile
From palace and from cot.
All watch its truant gambols
Along a devious maze;
It findeth out some beauty
In Earth's most dreary ways.

The Spring! the joyous Spring!
How dearly do I love
To catch its never-ending notes,
Around, beneath, above;
It singeth with the sky-lark,
It shouteth with the breeze;
And hush! I hear its laughter
In yonder echoing trees.

•
The Spring! the balmy Spring!
For pastime it doth sip

Honey and dew from every bud
That opes a nectared lip ;
And as its soft, cool breathings
Just now, across me moved,
My blood ran warm, as when I meet
The kiss of one beloved.

The Spring ! the lavish Spring !
With swift and tireless feet ;
It climbeth to the steep hill side,
It glides down valleys sweet :
And like a thriftless prodigal,
It drops through Earth's wide hall
Such pilfered treasures, that along
Its track the senses pall.

The Spring ! the drowsy Spring !
Luxurious is the bed
Of full-piled scents, where oft it lays
Its bright and flower-crowned head ;
Till, curtained with dark verdure,
By gentlest airs caressed,
It sings itself to slumber
On Summer's loving breast.

The Spring ! the transient Spring !
Would it could longer reign ;
Sure 'neath its pure and healthful play
I grow a child again :
My pulses beat with rapture,
Harmonious, undefined ;
And fancy waves her pinions
To music-notes refined.

The Spring ! the tireless Spring !
 With its full wealth of flowers ;
I wonder if 'twill hold such sway
 Through all life's hastening hours ;
I wonder, when my head grows white,
 And life's a breaking string—
If such a childhood of the heart
 Will always come with Spring !

